

THE CABINET LADIES OF WASHINGTON

LESLIE'S WEEKLY

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THE FIRST LADY IN THE LAND.

MRS. THEODORE ROOSEVELT, THE MISTRESS OF THE WHITE HOUSE.
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LESLIE'S WEEKLY

THE OLDEST ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY IN THE UNITED STATES

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS

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Thursday, December 5th, 1901.



More Ships and More Work.

NO MAN now living did more during the discussion of the protective tariff to inform the people of its practical benefits to them than Senator Hanna. James G. Blaine and William McKinley were the most eloquent and successful advocates of the cause of protection in recent years, but Mr. Hanna was and still is both an advocate of and a practical worker in the cause, and since the death of the two other champions of protection, he remains the last of the powerful trio.

Senator Hanna is now engaged in a work hardly second in importance to the welfare of the country than the passage of a protective tariff bill. He is bringing home to the working men the fact that they will be greatly benefited by the passage of the proposed bill to revive the American merchant marine. He is profoundly interested in the success of this measure and during a recent conference in Cleveland with the representatives of the boiler-makers and iron-ship builders of America and the Longshoremen's Association, he explained the workings of the new Ship Subsidy bill. He assured the representatives of labor that the bill would not favor foreign ship-builders, but would bestow its benefits upon American shipyards and their employés.

The Subsidy bill has been very generally discussed, and its opponents constantly and not always consistently have misrepresented it as persistently as they misrepresented the benefits of protection. It is proposed to enter upon a campaign of education and to make it clear to the people that the shipping measure will be for their distinct advantage. If this is done as it should be, the working masses will be found as earnestly its advocates as they were finally the friends of protection. No one will deny that the one great industry of the world, and the only one in which we are behind all our competitors, is that of ship-building. We have the iron, the steel, the coal, the wood, and the best sailors in the world. Yet our merchant marine is the laughing stock of other nations.

It is proposed, by governmental aid, to revive our ship-building industry, just as a protective tariff revived, developed, and finally made pre-eminent our vast industrial interests. A revival of ship-building means more work for the artificers in wood, and iron, and steel. It means employment in all directions for American working men, and, best of all, it means American supremacy on the sea.

The struggle of the great nations is now to secure the world's commerce. To do this we must have, in the language of the late President McKinley, "more ships." Every patriotic citizen, therefore, will be glad to second the efforts of Senators Hanna and Frye and their associates to bring about that happy conclusion.

The Voter and the Saloon.

THE RASHNESS of Dr. Parkhurst, in publicly advocating the partial opening of the saloons on Sundays, bids fair to create a condition of grave peril for the Republican party in New York state. The agitation of the Sunday-opening question will inevitably lead to the re-opening of the entire liquor question, and, in consequence, to the revival of the now well-nigh moribund Prohibition party. A very large element of the Republican party, made up of the membership of the churches, is opposed to the sale of intoxicating liquors, unless by the consent of a majority of the residents in the vicinage of the saloons.

The Anti-Saloon League, with an increasing enrollment in every city and nearly every large town, is pledged to work for legislation for local option by wards in all the cities, on the plan now legalized for local option in rural communities. This element will unrelentingly fight Sunday opening, and if the question is raised in the Legislature, will insist that it be coupled with the question of local option in all the cities. It will be impossible to separate these ques-

tions, and it will be equally impossible to discuss the subject without provoking the displeasure of a large number of men, mainly Republicans, who also would vote the Prohibition ticket regularly, if they believed there was a possibility of its success.

It is true that the present liquor law is not enforced, and that it does not prevent Sunday liquor-selling. It is notorious that the side-doors of saloons in our cities are generally open on the Sabbath. Any one who walks the streets with his eyes open can discover that fact. The special agents of the state exercise department, who are liberally paid, and who are considerable in number, are the only ones who are oblivious to it. All the blackmail on the saloons in New York is not levied by Tammany Hall. Whether the fault is with the law or with those who have been selected to enforce it, or with both, we will not undertake to say.

Rigidly enforced, the Raines Law would accomplish its purpose. If it were left to the people of this state to pass upon the question of its repeal, the majority in its favor would be overwhelming. The advocates of Sunday opening do not hide behind the pretense that the Raines Law is a failure, and that it opens the way to blackmail. Most of them believe in greater freedom for the beer-drinker on the Sabbath day, because of the cosmopolitan population of our cities. The question of right or wrong in the matter must be treated from more than one point of view. We shall not enter into it at this time. We simply invite the attention of the Republican leaders to a few facts.

The Prohibition vote held the balance of power in this state from 1880 to 1890, excepting in 1882, in the Folger campaign, when Republican success was rendered impossible by conditions which it is needless to recall. The Prohibition vote that year was not quite 26,000 and Cleveland's plurality was almost 193,000. In 1885, however, Hill was elected over Davenport by a little over 11,000 plurality, and the Prohibition vote, which had been skillfully nursed by the Democratic leaders, rose to nearly 31,000. In 1888 Hill was re-elected by a plurality of a little over 19,000 over Warner Miller, and the Prohibition vote was something over 30,000. Hill's defeat both times would have been assured but for the existence of the Prohibition party, five-sixths of whose members were drawn from the Republicans. In 1891 the Prohibition vote was still a little over 30,000, and Flower was elected over Fassett, Republican, by a plurality of nearly 48,000. In 1894, on the Republican tidal-wave, Morton, Republican, was elected Governor by 156,000 plurality, and, in 1896, the presidential year, Black was elected by over 213,000. In 1894, the Prohibition vote had shrunk to 23,500, and in 1896, to about 17,500, indicating that more than half the Prohibition vote was Republican in a presidential year. Two years later, in 1898, the Prohibition vote began to increase and reached nearly 18,400, or about a thousand more than the majority that Governor Roosevelt received that year. In 1900 it rose to 22,700, but the disorganization of the Democratic party gave the state to Odell by over 111,000 plurality.

Many believe that we have reached the high-tide of the Republican vote, and that an abatement of prosperous conditions, which always follows an era of prosperity, renewed agitation of the tariff, and the growing discontent of the labor element will rally the forces of the minority. In the state of New York, large corporate influences have resented the very excellent tax laws of the last Legislature, and will not support the Republican party next fall as heartily as they did in 1900. With an adroit manipulator like Hill marshaling the rural Democracy in the gubernatorial campaign, and with the selection of a prominent churchman, perhaps a Methodist, like Coler, for the governorship on the Democratic ticket, following a bitter agitation of Sunday opening and of the entire liquor question by the Legislature this winter, a situation of peril for the Republican party might be disclosed. Whether it be or not, a struggle over the liquor question this winter will certainly stimulate the Prohibition party, and in an off-year might make it again as potent in New York politics as it was from 1882 to 1890.

The Plain Truth.

AFTER THE pessimistic utterances to which the country has been treated in recent days from certain prominent educators, it is refreshing to read the hopeful and inspiring words of President Eliot, of Harvard, in an address in Boston. Summing up the results of educational progress, he saw in them the fact that the passions of the American people do not run away with them, that the national spirit is growing broad and rich, that women are treated better here than in any other nation, and riches are being used in higher ways. True to his principle and his calling, President Eliot thought the endowment of schools and colleges wiser than the assistance of hospitals and infirmaries, inasmuch as the work was instructive and not palliative.

THE MASTERFUL character of the speech of Secretary of State Hay, at the recent banquet of the New York Chamber of Commerce, is conceded on both sides of the Atlantic. The highest tribute that can be paid to his tactful diplomacy is found in the genuine satisfaction his remarks have given to the leading nations of Europe. England, Germany, France, and Russia, as evidenced by the expressions of their respective newspapers, have nothing but words of praise for the Secretary. The English people feel assured that his speech was intended to be specially favorable to them, and the German papers are satisfied that it will remove whatever grounds still remain for anti-German sentiment in the United States.

Not a single word of criticism in any leading foreign journal has yet been printed. It is impossible to make room for a full report of Mr. Hay's remarks. They will repay perusal, but the gist of them will be found in his formal public notice to the world "that we are pre-eminently a peace-loving people; that our normal activities are in the direction of trade and commerce; that the vast development of our industries imperatively demands that we shall not only retain and confirm our hold on our present markets, but seek constantly, by all honorable means, to extend our commercial interests in every practical direction," and that a fair field and no favor is all we require, and with less than that we will not be satisfied. In other words, the American people seek only prosperity and peace, and, standing on this platform, invite the good will and friendship of every nation."

Why We Need a Minister of Commerce

Contributed Article to Leslie's Weekly.

THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE of the state of New York recently adopted resolutions in favor of the creation at the seat of government of an executive department to be known as the Department of Commerce and Industries, and a Secretary of Commerce and Industries, who should be the head thereof.

The framers of the Constitution devolved upon Congress the power to regulate commerce. Apart from some legislation with reference to shipping subsidies to mail carriers, and the creation of a railroad commission and other legislation with reference to interstate commerce, this function of Congress has been mainly exercised by the imposition of tariff charges and the regulation of shipping at our ports of entry. The wonderful development of our manufacturing ability, the infinite variety and inexhaustible quantity of raw materials easily available, the concentra-



HON. A. B. HEPBURN,
Ex-Comptroller of the Currency.

legislation with reference to shipping subsidies to mail widely separated but kindred industries under a single control and management, enable us to compete with and underbid the world, both as to maximum output and minimum time of delivery. International commerce, so long neglected, ought to make wonderful strides and become a main factor in our national wealth.

The press of continental Europe teems with denunciation of American aggression and threatened trade supremacy, and resounds with calls for united action in devising methods and carrying out policies which will enable them to successfully meet us in "commercial warfare." What better evidence that our industries have outgrown the need of a protective tariff in order to preserve our home market? What better evidence that the time has arrived when Congress should broaden its policy and aid our people in commanding the markets of the world?

How better can this be done than by creating a department of commerce and industries, charged with the supervision and promotion of commerce and trade? The accumulation of reliable statistics and the prompt publication and dissemination of the same would be of incalculable benefit to business interests. Heretofore Congress has built about our business industries a tariff wall for their protection. The same governmental solicitude should now be exercised in aiding our manufacturers and merchants to enter the markets of the world and sell their products in competition with other nations.

Great Britain, our chief competitor, has a board of trade devoted to commerce and industries, whose president is a Cabinet officer; Germany, whose rivalry almost equals England's, has a minister of commerce at a salary of \$9,000; France has a minister of commerce, industries, and telegraphs; Russia, Belgium, the Netherlands, Austria-Hungary, Spain, Portugal, and Italy have similar executive officers. The United States is the only great nation which has failed thus far to provide a distinct governmental department whose duties are to foster commerce. Neither have we any office, bureau, or department charged with duties relating to manufacturing or mining.

The volume and value of our manufactures exceeds that of any other nation. Our foreign commerce for the fiscal year 1900 amounted to 28,281,141 tons. The value of our imports and exports exceeded two billion dollars. Our internal commerce is estimated to be thirteen times greater than our foreign commerce. The value of manufactured articles exported by the United States in 1860 was \$40,345,890. Each decade has shown a steady increase in the value of manufactured articles exported, reaching, in 1900, the sum of \$433,851,756.

A wise governmental policy ought to increase the sale of our manufactures abroad in still greater ratio. To promote manufactures at home and broaden our markets abroad should command the favor and enlist the energy of business men and statesmen, for therein lies the guarantee of individual and national wealth and prosperity.

A. B. Hepburn

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

ONE of the most famous conductors of opera in the world has recently arrived in this country and located his permanent home in Boston, as the professor of opera in the New England Conservatory of Music, Boston, which has expanded its departments and its curriculum by founding the first school of opera in the United States, in connection with a conservatory. Signor Orestes Bimboni, who has swung his baton in all the musical and art centres of Europe, has accepted the headship of this department. He has had a European and an American career, and is a man of international reputation as a conductor of opera. Under his direction, many of the stars of the operatic world have made their débuts. Professor W. L. Whitney was delegated by the New England Conservatory to spend a year abroad, if necessary, to obtain the needed conductor, and Signor Bimboni has accepted the new

position after six months of negotiations. He served as director in the chief opera houses of Berlin, Vienna, Moscow, Milan, Turin, Lisbon, Hamburg, and London. He has appeared also in the principal American cities as director for Colonel J. H. Mapleson, Maurice Grau, and Charles A. Ellis. In 1887, Madam Nordica, herself one of the most distinguished graduates of the New England Conservatory of Music, sang in "La Traviata" under the baton of Signor Bimboni in Boston, and Melba studied "The Barber of Seville" under Bimboni, who directed the opera in Philadelphia for the first time with her as prima donna. The list of those whose first triumph in leading rôles Signor Bimboni has been identified with includes Calvé in her first Italian appearance in "Hamlet," Venice; Felia Litvinne, a sister-in-law of the De Reszkes, in "Il Trovatore" and "Don Giovanni," New York Academy of Music, 1887; Etelka Gerster, first appearance in Vienna, at the Imperial, 1883; and Emma Nevada, first appearance in America after her European successes, New York, 1886. She had already sung under Bimboni at Prague in the season of 1884. In 1884, Boito sent to Vienna for Signor Bimboni to bring out his "Mefistofele," which was produced at the Royal Theatre with Pauline Lucca as the prima donna; and the first appearance of "Falstaff" on the Spanish Peninsula was given at Lisbon under Bimboni in 1893, with Victor Maurel in the title rôle. Signor Bimboni also introduced Due, the great tenor, to the Spanish public, taking him from the Grand Opera at Paris and bringing him out in "William Tell." Adelina Patti sang two seasons with Bimboni, in Hamburg and in Berlin. The tenor Nicolini, afterward her husband, was a member of the company both seasons. Although naturally associated with the Italian school, Signor Bimboni's experience has included French and German opera—among the works of Wagner, "Lohengrin," "Tannhäuser," "Die Walküre," "Flying Dutchman," and others. "La Modella" and others of Signor Bimboni's own operas have been performed in Berlin, Bucharest, and elsewhere. Professor Louis Elson says that the accession of Bimboni will probably be the most important advance in operatic teaching that has yet taken place in America.

THE ONLY colored man who is mayor in the United States is Isaiah T. Montgomery, the wealthiest man in Mound Bayou, Miss. Mr. Montgomery came into prominence several months ago at the convention of colored men held in Chicago, where his views upon the negro question elicited much admiration. His career has been one of unusual interest, as he was born a slave on the plantation of Jefferson Davis in Mississippi. Noticing the boy's brightness the late President of the Confederacy made of him a sort of body-servant, and he was taught to read and write. With this start he practically educated himself and when the slaves on the Davis plantation were liberated, Montgomery started north to earn his living. He accumulated a few thousand dollars and returned to Mississippi, conceived the idea of founding a town for the industrious members of his own race who could

obtain work from the whites, and who were unsuccessful in working for themselves. He leased plots of ground which he had purchased at a low rental, with the result that negro families flocked to this portion of Mississippi from all portions of the gulf states. To-day the town has a population of nearly 1,000, contains

several important industries, as well as churches and schools. It is what might be called a one-man town, for the mayor has planned and carried out about everything of importance in it. It is the market for a section of the country fifty to seventy-five miles around it, and one of the most important railway stations on the Illinois Central.

IN SEPTEMBER last the ancient and historic town of Winchester, England, was the scene of one of the most notable and brilliant commemorative celebrations that the world has known in recent years. The occasion was the one-thousandth birthday of King Alfred the Great, the first of a long line of English Kings, and a personage whose transcendent virtues and remarkable gifts of mind and heart have been the theme of historians, poets, and romancers for centuries past. All the English-speaking world united in paying its debt of gratitude to the memory of the noble and illustrious ruler, but the chief centre of interest was in Winchester itself, where Alfred was born, and where most of his life was passed. The exercises here began on September 18th, and continued through three days. They were held under the patronage of his Majesty King Edward, and the direction of a committee composed of hundreds of distinguished statesmen, artists, prelates, men of letters, educators, and other notabilities from all English-speaking lands, including a large delegation from the United States. The vice-chairman of the millenary committee and its honorary secretary was the Hon. Alfred Bowker, the mayor of Winchester. Upon Mr. Bowker fell the burden of arranging for the reception of the host of distinguished guests of the occasion, and the general conduct of the celebration, and to him the success of the affair is largely due. He conducted the visitors to the site of Hyde Abbey, the burial place of King Alfred, and subsequently gave a luncheon to the delegates in honor of the event at the Winchester Guild Hall. A few weeks later Mr. Bowker, accompanied by his daughter, Miss Edith Bowker, the Mayoress of Winchester, came to New York to take part in the King Alfred millenary exercises held under the auspices of the St. George's Society of this city.

ONE OF the youngest and most promising musical composers of the country has recently won two prizes which place him in the front rank of American musicians. On the same day it was announced from New York and Boston that he had won the first prize created by the fund established by Paderewski, a prize of \$500 for the best work for orchestra, and the second prize of \$400, also for orchestra, offered by the New England Conservatory

HENRY K. HADLEY, musical director of the Cathedral School of St. Paul, Garden City, Long Island. His symphony, "The Four Seasons," won both prizes. It is the property now of the New England Conservatory, subject to production under its direction and auspices. Mr. Hadley is only thirty years of age. He has always been regarded as a promising and versatile musician. He inherits his

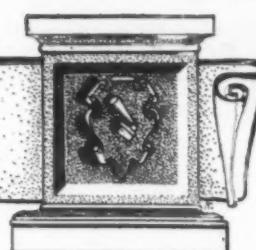
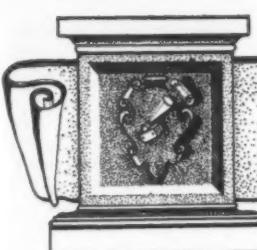
gifts from both parents. His father has been music teacher in the public schools of Somerville, Mass., nearly a quarter of a century. He has composed numerous orchestral pieces which have been played in the theatres of Boston and New York. Those who know him best believe that the winning of these prizes, the cash value of which is \$1,000, is an indication of a steady progress which Mr. Hadley has made and will continue to make toward fame and fortune. Separate judges have acted on the same composition in different cities and agreed in awarding him the prizes. He has been a pupil of the director of the New England Conservatory of Music, George W. Chadwick, under whom that institution is constantly expanding, and which will be installed next year in the finest conservatory building in the world.

FROM A stoker at \$14 a week to mayor of Bridgeport, Conn., at a salary of \$3,000 a year is the unique transition of Dennis Mulvihill. His inauguration, which took place November 11th, naturally attracted the population of the town of which he is to be

chief executive. Mr. Mulvihill has had no social pretensions as the term is generally understood. His inaugural consisted of twenty-six words. Then he stood ninety minutes acknowledging the good wishes of his callers, and among the latter there were all sorts and conditions. A bushel of letters awaited him when he went to his desk. He examined a few, and then went home to rest. He admitted that the newness of the situation was a trifle irksome, but from his well-known trait of application and determination, there is no doubt in the public mind of Bridgeport as to the success of Mr. Mulvihill's administration. The new executive was inducted into office by his predecessor, Mr. Hugh Stirling. Contrary to the opinion justified by the hyphenated title, "stoker-mayor," Mr. Mulvihill is not a member of any labor organization. He is quoted as saying, "I do not believe in labor unions. If the members of them really stuck together they would be a good thing, but laborers will not do that. The most good that the majority of labor unions do is to stir up agitation and cause unnecessary trouble." Mr. Mulvihill voted for Bryan in 1896 and 1900. While a Democrat in national matters the stoker-mayor believes that if Mr. Low and the ticket elected with him can bring about real reforms in New York they ought to be kept in office.

SO MUCH is said about the industrial training of negroes that little is said and known about the leaders of the race who are arising in the departments of higher education and culture. Booker T. Washington is well known as the president of an industrial institute. But there are others who, in their several departments, are as advanced as he. Charles W. Chesnutt is an author, a novelist. Paul Lawrence Dunbar is a poet, a dialect poet. Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois is a sociologist. Henry O. Tanner, of whom we wish to give particulars, is an artist, residing in Paris, where no color-line of race-prejudice is drawn, and his paintings are attracting attention in Europe. His "Raising of Lazarus" hangs in the Luxembourg Palace, and he is considered a sure winner of a *post mortem* place in the Louvre, in which no painting of a living artist is ever hung. Mr. Tanner is a pronounced man religiously. He is the son of Right Reverend Benjamin Tucker Tanner, of the Bishop's Council of the African Methodist Episcopal Church. Hence his subjects are largely Biblical, and are suggested both by the Old Testament and the New. His characteristic subjects have been "Daniel in the Lion's Den," "The Jews' Wailing Place," "The Flight into Egypt," and "The Annunciation." As a rule he produces one painting a year. During two years of travel in the Holy Land he conceived his "Flight into Egypt" and his "Jews' Wailing Place." He is only 32 years of age. His first important painting was "Narragansett Bay." His "Bag-Pipe Lesson" hangs in the home of a wealthy Philadelphian. We believe that the negro talent for music will ultimately produce vocalists and instrumentalists of high rank. The American Missionary Association is on the right track in aiming to train the leaders of the colored people in all professions.

MR. BRADLEY-MARTIN, if cable information is to be credited, has set the diamond pace in the coronation of King Edward. She has placed her order in Paris for a tiara to cost, according to report, £250,000. It is to be a replica of the diadem worn by Empress Josephine when her happiness and ambition were most complete. Queen Alexandra, not to be outdone by resident Americans who are to add to the brilliancy of the great state function, is having the Koh-i-noor diamond set in her new crown. This will make it the most valuable in the world. Others who are out-vying in the brilliancy of their tiaras for the coronation are Lady Kilmorey, said to be the most famous beauty in London; Lady Londonderry, the Duchess of Devonshire, and the Duchess of Portland. In this galaxy of splendor the tiara of Mrs. Bradley-Martin will be conspicuous. The Bradley-Martins have been notably in the public eye since they took up their residence abroad, especially in the brilliancy of all their social undertakings. Indeed, in the extravagance of their entertainments they have completely outshone the functions of the noblest English families.



SIGNOR ORESTES BIMBONI,
The famous conductor of opera.



HON. ALFRED BOWKER,
Mayor of Winchester, England,
scene of the recent King
Alfred millenary.



HENRY K. HADLEY,
The young American composer.



ISAIAH T. MONTGOMERY,
The only colored mayor of an
American city.



DENNIS MULVIHILL,
Formerly a stoker now mayor of
Bridgeport, Conn.
Photograph by Haley.

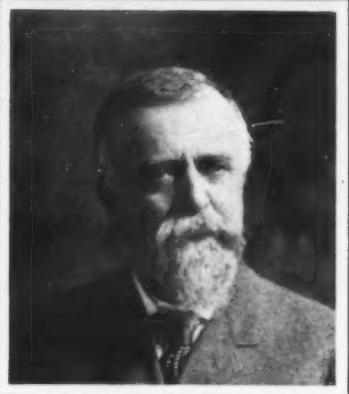


MRS. BRADLEY-MARTIN,
Who will wear priceless jewels
at the coronation.

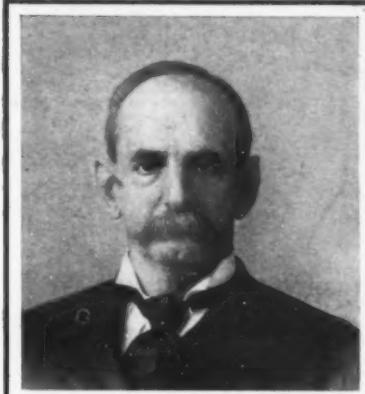


THE OPENING DAY AT THE SESSION OF CONGRESS.
RELATIVES AND FRIENDS OF MEMBERS GREETING AND CONGRATULATING THEM IN THE LOBBY OF THE HOUSE.

Drawn for Leslie's Weekly by T. Dart Walker.



DIRECTOR-GENERAL J. H. AVERILL.



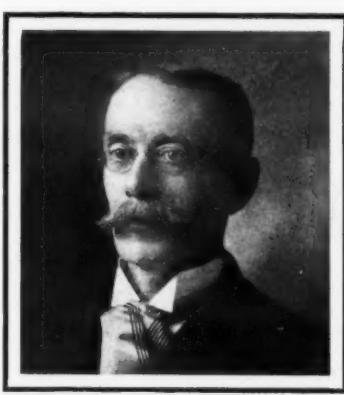
WILLIAM H. WILSON, TREASURER.



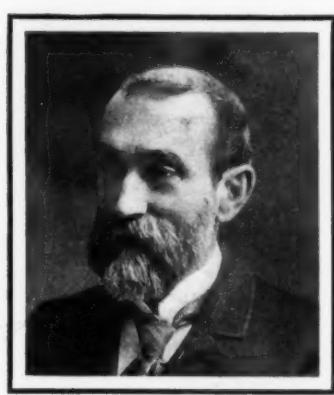
ONE OF THE MOST UNIQUE FEATURES OF THE EXPOSITION—THE SUMMER GARDEN WITH THE IMPOSING COTTON PALACE IN THE BACKGROUND.



J. C. HEMPHILL, MANAGER OF PUBLICITY.



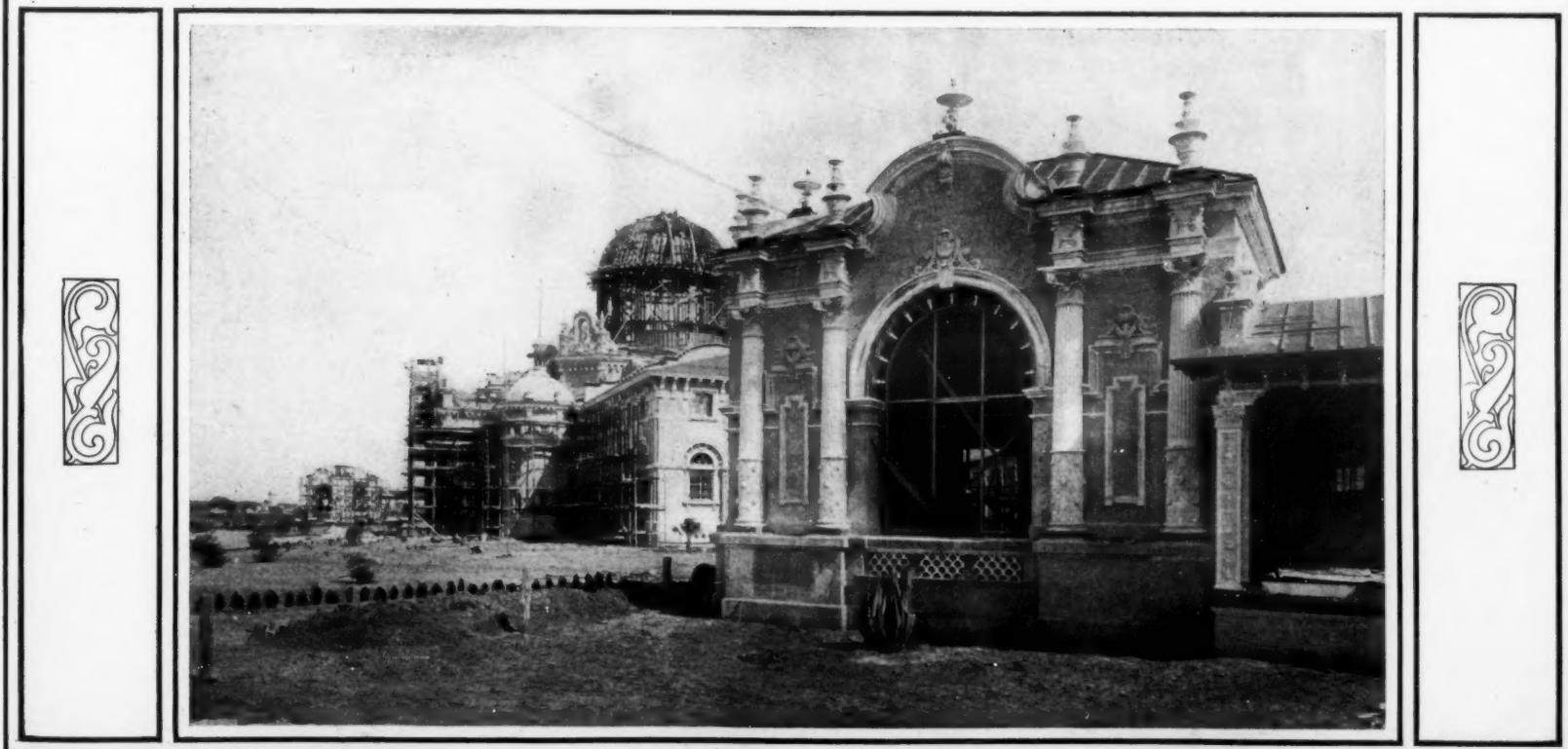
DIRECTOR SAMUEL LAPHAM.



DIRECTOR W. H. WELCH.



DIRECTOR J. L. DAVID.



HURRYING TO COMPLETE THE WORK ON THE MAIN BUILDINGS.

CHARLESTON'S IMPOSING EXPOSITION, JUST OPENED.

A SPLENDID AGGREGATION OF MAGNIFICENT BUILDINGS FOR THE DISPLAY OF THE PRODUCTS OF OUR STATES AND THE WEST INDIES.

THE SOCIAL SEASON AT WASHINGTON

By Charlotte M. Conger.

WASHINGTON, November 1st, 1901.—There is open rejoicing at the capital that President Roosevelt's promotion to the executive chair establishes as mistress of the White House so fair and gracious a woman and who by birth, education, and experience is so eminently fitted for the duties of the high position to which she is called. In nominating a President it would be manifestly impossible to consider his wife's fitness for social leadership. Fortunately, however, American women are adaptable, and those who have presided over the White House have proved, with hardly an exception, equal to the demands made upon them. But the chief place in official society has rarely been held by so young and talented a woman as Mrs. Roosevelt, and her leadership promises much. It is predicted, indeed, that President Roosevelt's administration will rival in brilliancy that of President Arthur, which is still counted the golden age of the social history of Washington.

The wife of the President possesses, happily, not only the knowledge and experience requisite for the administration of the social affairs of the White House, but she is endowed with the physical strength necessary for their proper performance, which was lacking in so many of those who preceded her, and her amiability and good will, the democratic spirit, which the President fosters in all those about him, cannot fail to make her régime a notable one. Moderation, however, will mark the social plans of the President and Mrs. Roosevelt this winter, for the shadow of the late President's death is still upon them, and three of their official family, Secretary Hay, Secretary Gage, and Secretary Long, are in deep mourning. All that tradition requires and good taste dictates will be done, and Mrs. Roosevelt has already announced that she will revive the custom of holding weekly receptions on Saturday afternoons—a custom so popular it is difficult to understand why it fell into disuse—which she proposes to begin in December, giving three before the holidays, since the date upon which Lent falls will make the season a short one. The more formal functions will not be inaugurated until after the New Year's reception, when the usual state dinners, the card and public receptions, will take place.

For the first time since General Grant's administration, when "Nellie" was the pet of her father's entourage and society as well, there will be a young lady in the White House, Alice, the President's eldest daughter by his first wife, a Miss Lee of Boston, who died not long after her marriage. Miss Roosevelt is an extremely pretty girl, bright and gay, as all young girls should be, with much of the originality and the spirit of determination which compel admiration for her distinguished father. Her début is announced for the second of January. The entertainment to be given in her honor is not yet decided upon, but it will inaugurate a series of festivities that will make the White House gayer than it has been any time since Mrs. Sartoris reigned as belle there.

It is no misnomer to call the Cabinet the President's official family. Its members are most intimately associated, the President and his wife frequent their homes, they are constantly entertained at the White House, and the women of the Cabinet, who are the real leaders of official society, invariably assist the wife of the President at all public functions. Mrs. Roosevelt, naturally, has precedence over all others, the wives of the ambassadors ranking next; the members of the Cabinet follow according to the age of their different portfolios. This gives to the wife of the premier an important position. She takes precedence of her associates, is appealed to in matters involving etiquette and policy, and constantly called upon to settle disputed points. Of the annual dinners given by the members of the Cabinet in honor of the President, the initial one takes place at the home of the Secretary of State, whose wife, as a rule, sets the dates for Cabinet receptions, decides what calls shall be returned in person, and while in no sense an autocrat she is to the women of the Cabinet what her husband is to his colleagues—the acknowledged head.

Secretary Hay, both as a statesman and a man of letters, is so familiar to the public that it is hardly necessary to refer to his service as our representative in Great Britain and his splendid record in the Department of State or to mention the attributes that make him so much sought after socially, so widely liked. Mrs. Hay shares his popularity and possesses all the essential qualities for the carrying out of her official duties. She is imposing in presence, gracious in manner, cultivated in taste. Her long residence in Washington and as American ambassador in London, where she was one of the most prominent women in the diplomatic circle and received frequent evidence of the Queen's regard, has given her a knowledge of social customs and traditions on both sides of the water and made her tactful and resourceful, while her wealth enables her to entertain handsomely and without seeming effort. In her two daughters—Miss Hay, who has inherited her father's talent and has already won her laurel crown, and Miss Alice Hay, a

débutante of two years ago—Mrs. Hay has had able coadjutors. The tragedy that closes Secretary Hay's house for mourning is still fresh in the public mind, and warm sympathy is felt for him on every side.

Secretary Gage has been called the rock of the Cabinet. He is surely a solid and substantial man, who inspires universal confidence and whose genial qualities and charming hospitality make him socially liked, while his wife, who died suddenly last spring, was one of the most accomplished hostesses in the official circle. Her removal from a rather limited sphere in Chicago to one of the most prominent positions in the world did not change her in the least, and she entirely lacked that affectation which characterizes so many women in public life, but was simple in manner, amiable and gracious, and had the rare and happy faculty of putting strangers at their ease.

Mr. Root, one of the ablest if the youngest of the President's advisers, did not enter the Cabinet until more than two years after the administration began and the department of which he assumed the direction was already demoralized by war. That he succeeded in straightening out its tangled affairs and reconciling his quarreling subordinates redounds much to his credit and is the best evidence of his ability. His personality is indeed impressive and his manner and bearing convince one that he possesses both reserve force and power. The Secretary of War is an alumnus of Hamilton College, a man of fine personal appearance, genial and pleasant with his intimates, but so direct and impersonal in his business dealings that he is popularly thought to be cold and unresponsive. Not long ago one of his visitors exclaimed on quitting his presence:

"Ugh! I hope Root will go to Hades before I do."

"Why?" asked his companion.

"So that he can warm up the atmosphere a bit before I get there," was the response.

Mrs. Root is a graceful and pretty woman, who looks much too young to be the mother of the daughter and tall boys that belong to her household. Of a hospitable nature, the duties that devolve upon her are agreeable and she confesses to finding real enjoyment in her official experience. Secretary Root has recently given up his house in Rhode Island Avenue and leased the spacious residence of Major Bates, in N Street, which is within a stone's throw of the British embassy, and one of the best arranged houses in town.

The resignation of Attorney-General Griggs removed from Washington an agreeable family and one that had taken a prominent part in the social festivities and contributed a generous quota to the pleasure of society. Mr. Griggs possessed the talent for making friends, so much coveted by men in public life, and his wife, born a Miss Price, of Cleveland, was a woman of many charming personal qualities who presided over her husband's home with dignity and grace. Mr. Griggs is succeeded by a man of international reputation, broad culture, and great wealth, whose family will be a welcome addition to society. So far, however, the Attorney-General and Mrs. Knox are hardly known socially, as Mr. Knox's appointment was not made until the summer, when society had deserted the city, but with the opening of the approaching season Mrs. Knox, who has passed but little time in Washington since her husband accepted his portfolio, proposes to take her position among the other hostesses of the Cabinet.

Postmaster-General Emory Smith is the only newspaper man in the present Cabinet, and started his journalistic career while he was still in school at Albany, N. Y., when he was chosen editor of the Albany Academy Record. Horace Greeley, then at the zenith of his fame, so appealed to the young journalist that he selected him as a model and set about emulating the great journalist with an earnestness that is responsible, in part at least, for subsequent success in his chosen profession. Although an ardent politician from boyhood, General Smith has held but few public offices, the most important being his present post and the mission to Russia. Mrs. Smith accompanied her husband to the Muscovite capital and treasures her experience as among her pleasantest recollections. While not a devotee of fashion, Mrs. Smith performs her duties conscientiously and well, and her home is a popular one with the official group at the capital.

As Secretary Gage, a citizen of Illinois, suggests the New Englander, so the Secretary of the Navy, born and brought up in the Pine Tree State, brings to mind the westerner. He is full of energy, direct in all his dealings, frank with the public, qualities that make him an efficient officer. His relations with the President are most cordial, and they jocularly recall the day when

their positions were reversed and Mr. Roosevelt, as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, was Secretary Long's subordinate. Mrs. Long is not very strong and goes out but little in society, from which she will retire altogether this winter, being in deep mourning for her daughter, who recently died.

Secretary Hitchcock, the sole member of the Cabinet born south of Mason and Dixon's Line, is of New England origin, a fact denoted by his activity and enterprise, which are not the only attributes the Secretary of the Interior has inherited from his doughty ancestor, Ethan Allen. Distinctly a business man, in directing the affairs of his department he has introduced business principles with gratifying results. "It is a positive pleasure," said a man from the West, whose business brings him in frequent contact with the Secretary of the Interior, "to talk a matter over with the secretary. He sees a point, grasps it quickly, and gives his decision promptly without unrolling miles of red tape, as was the habit of so many of his predecessors. It takes me just half the time to get my matters through the department that it did formerly." The Hitchcocks are living in a house in Rhode Island Avenue, belonging to Mrs. Dewey, famous for its hospitality in the early part of President McKinley's administration, when General Alger occupied it, and take a prominent part in social affairs, for which their large fortune and Mrs. Hitchcock's many amiable qualities eminently fit them. Mrs. Hitchcock has the assistance of her two daughters, handsome and accomplished young women, who relieve her of much care and responsibility and make the home of the Secretary of the Interior one of the gayest in town.

While a foreign-born citizen can never become President of the United States, he is not debarred from holding any other high office under the government to which he may be appointed or elected. Mr. Henderson, the speaker of the last Congress, who will succeed himself in the next, was born in the land o' cakes and ale, and the most picturesque member of the Cabinet, "Tama Jim," as he was affectionately dubbed by Sunset Cox, which name still clings to him, is also a Scotchman and rich in those sterling attributes that mark his countrymen and make their power. No appointment made by the late President was more acceptable to the people directly concerned than his selection of Mr. Wilson for the portfolio of Agriculture, and few if any of his predecessors have excelled him in the administration of his office. Secretary Wilson is a widower and his only daughter acts as mistress of his cozy home. Miss Wilson is a woman of excellent training, pleasant, unaffected, hospitable, with the same charm of manner for which her father is noted.

Another Big Grab for Free Farms.

IN KEEPING with the policy of extending American civilization by opening up lands for homesteads and the establishment of new enterprises at a nominal cost to the energetic persons who seek to escape the congested centres of population, the government, through its Department of the Interior, is completing arrangements for admitting boomers to the ceded portion of the Fort Hall Indian Reservation in Idaho. The date upon which ambitious home-seekers will be permitted to select lands has not been fixed, for the reason that the Washington authorities have not completed the necessary preliminary details, but the time is not far distant.

On February 5th, 1898, a commission appointed under an act of Congress concluded an agreement with the Bannock and Shoshone Indians of the Fort Hall Reservation by which the red men ceded to the government about 418,560 acres of land. In order to secure the territory in question, the government promised to pay to or expend for the benefit of the Indians \$600,000. Within three months after the ratification of the treaty \$100,000 was paid in cash, *pro rata*, to each man, woman, and child on the reservation. For eight years \$50,000 will be distributed among them, annually, in like manner, and in the ninth year the final payment of \$25,000 will be made. The remainder of the sum, \$75,000, will be expended for a modern school plant to be erected for the Indians on the reservation under the direction of the Secretary of the Interior.

The ceded portion of the reservation includes about 2,500 acres already sold to the town of Pocatello, and to the Oregon Short Line Railroad Company for right of way. Of the amount surrendered by the red men about 45,000 acres, lying in bodies of some extent, are susceptible of irrigation and cultivation. The balance is mountain land, a large part of which is excellent grazing, with a small portion capable of being cultivated. It also contains timber, and it is said the prospects for mineral development are excellent. The land ceded cost the government about \$1.25 an acre, \$75,000 being added

Continued on page 521.

BRIGANDS AND CONSPIRATORS IN BULGARIA

By the REV. JAMES H. ROSS.

BRIGANDAGE is nothing new in Bulgaria. The story of the capture of Miss Stone, the missionary, recalls other remarkable tales. The Balkan mountains have been the homes and haunts of many brigands through centuries of Bulgarian history. In the sixteenth century a national movement against the oppression of Turkey fell into the hands of brigand chiefs. They became popular heroes. They were known by the name of *Haidutin*. They were represented as the friends of the poor, the protectors of the weak, the allies of Christians, and the foes of the Mohammedans. In legends and in songs their names and fame were perpetuated. They increased from the ranks of the avengers and the worthless. Once identified with them, a brigand's safety consisted in continuing with them. The Turks blocked the way to return to the ranks of common citizenship. Villagers often welcomed them as deliverers from their oppressors. William Miller, M. A. (Oxon.), of the Inner Temple, barrister-at-law, in his volume on "The Balkans," inclusive of Roumania, Bulgaria, Servia, and Montenegro, published in 1896, says:

Women were sacred in the eyes of these chivalrous cut-throats, for they firmly believed that whoever touched a helpless damsel would die in a Turkish gaol. They even included the fair sex in their ranks. We hear of Bulgarian Amazons, who stormed Turkish caravans, sabre in hand, with the skill and courage of men. A hundred years ago one of the most desperate of these bands was commanded by a woman, who performed such prodigies of valour that she actually passed for a man.

Winter drove them from their retreats and they were accustomed to return to the villages and cities and earn temporarily an honest living. They regarded themselves as patriots, the benefactors of their countrymen. Yet the majority of them were desperados, who victimized women and children, Turks and Bulgarians. Osman Pasvanogla, of Vidin, was a celebrated brigand chief, who located himself there, levied taxes and coined money in defiance of the Porte. He controlled a large army, against which the regular troops were powerless. Vidin was besieged in vain, and Pasvanogla contemplated a revengeful assault on Constantinople. The brigands devastated the whole country and the people were dispersed. When war between Bulgaria and Servia occurred in 1885, the Bulgarians of Macedonia formed "a brigand brigade," who were the "Rough Riders" of that war.

The conspirators and plots against those high in authority in Bulgaria have been numerous. Illustrations are familiar, within the memory of many who are in middle life. Conspirators were discovered at Bourgas, a seaport, to abduct and, if necessary, to kill Prince Alexander I., the predecessor of the present sovereign of Bulgaria. August 21st, 1886, at two o'clock a. m., he was roused from sleep by one of his guards, who invaded his room, announced that the palace was surrounded by conspirators, and handed him a revolver. Hastily dressing, he went from his room to the hall and was met by Major Grueff and a crowd of officials. The major demanded that he should abdicate. Captain Dimitrieff tore a page from the visitors' book and attempted to draw a deed of abdication, but he was too drunk and maddened to complete it.

A youthful cadet finished it and Major Grueff thrust a revolver into his face and exclaimed, "Sign, or I'll shoot." Prince Alexander added in German the follow-

ing words: "God protect Bulgaria." Thus he abdicated. He was removed to the war office and taunted and insulted. Then he was kidnapped. In the early morning he was driven seventeen miles to the monastery of Etropol. After the following night, spent in a monastic cell, he was conducted to the Danube, put on board a yacht and transported to Russian territory. Meanwhile a new ministry was formed and a proclamation and counter proclamation issued. The provisional government was dissolved and Stambuloff and two others constituted themselves a regency until the abducted sovereign could be re-discovered. Telegrams for and concerning him were sent over Europe. Finally the Russians released him at Lemberg and he resumed his sovereignty, but Russia speedily forced him to abdicate, and the present sovereign, Prince Ferdinand I., became his successor.

Stambuloff, the prime minister of Ferdinand, was murdered in 1895, and Bulgaria, during the last six years, has been dishonored in the estimation of Europe. Ferdinand expects to die a violent death, and he has had experiences which have shown that his expectation is not morbid nor unwarranted. In the early nineties he gave a grand ball at the palace. At the banquet Major Marinoff asked M. de Bourboulon, the chamberlain, why Captain Markoff was not present. The chamberlain replied that the captain had not been invited, nor had he been within the palace for three months. Loud enough to be heard by Prince Ferdinand, Major Marinoff exclaimed: "I would swear that I saw him five minutes ago coming out of the private apartments and passing through the ante-chamber." Prince Ferdinand ordered the four Macedonian guards on duty at the two entrances to the private apartments to report to him at once. When they did so he asked if they had seen any one within two hours except the dignitaries at the table. After examining the faces of those seated there, the janissaries replied that they had not, and were commanded to return to their posts. Major Marinoff became the object of much banter on the part of the assembled guests, and was taxed with spiritualism.

The ladies had retired with Princess Clementine after rising from the table, and the gentlemen were in the smoking-room with the prince, when suddenly the curtains were pushed aside and the commander of the palace guards entered and whispered something into the ear of Major Marinoff, who immediately left the room with him. A few minutes later the major returned and stated that there was in the orderly room down stairs an officer who demanded to see the prince on a matter of life and death. Ferdinand gave orders for the officer to be brought into his presence, whereupon all the gentlemen with the exception of Baron Doeber withdrew into the adjoining apartments.

A minute later the young officer appeared accompanied by Major Marinoff and Colonel Petroff, the commander of the palace guard. His uniform was that of a lieutenant of the Ferdinand regiment stationed at Philippopolis, and was disordered. He related that he had come to Sofia that afternoon for the purpose of drawing some money, and that, after having been to the bank, he had gone to the cavalry barracks to see another officer before returning to Philippopolis. While in the room of his brother officer he fell asleep, but was

awakened shortly after darkness had set in by the sound of voices in the adjoining room. Hearing the words "Austrian" and "Coburger" used he put his ear to the keyhole of the locked door that separated the two rooms, and ascertained that sharp at midnight when the prince's ball was to be in full swing, two battalions of infantry and two squadrons of cavalry were to surround the palace, while the third battery of the First Regiment of Artillery was to dispose its six guns so as to command the square in front of the prince's residence. The troops were to be commanded by subalterns, since all the field officers had received commands to attend the ball. The hoofs of the cavalry and artillery horses and the wheels of the cannon were to be wrapped with cloth. There were grounds for believing that Major Marinoff was the victim of delusion or was intoxicated. He reported that he had heard the following remark made by one of the conspirators:

"Markoff is as well known at the palace as a yellow dog. He is familiar with all the corners and back stairs, and he has given his solemn word of honor that he will cut all the wires without any one becoming aware of the fact. The palace will be cut off from all communication with the outside world and none of the occupants will be able to summon assistance from the city."

Major Marinoff hurriedly left the room. Three minutes later he returned and reported that the electric wires had been cut in Prince Ferdinand's room and the room of the aide-de-camp. Stambuloff and Minister of War Mutkuroff were summoned and half an hour later Captain Markoff, unknown to his confederates, was arrested at his lodgings. A little later a soldier arrived, bringing a letter from Major Panitz, the prefect of police, that disclosed him as the leader of the planned attack. At 11 o'clock, an hour when many of the conspirators had arrived at the palace, the minister of war issued orders to prevent any of the troops leaving the barracks, and about thirty officers whose names had been found among Markoff's papers were placed under lock and key. Panitz and four other officers of high rank were arrested at the palace as the clock struck twelve, the hour at which the palace was to have been surrounded. Throughout the evening Ferdinand chatted with affability with all the gentlemen present and paid his court to the ladies without betraying by a look or a word the danger from which he had so narrowly escaped. His mother, the Princess Clementine, was kept in ignorance until the following day.

The Bulgarian drama, it will be admitted, is a tragedy and the characters in it are those in highest station. The prince, so far as his safety is concerned, is another Roosevelt on the hands of his guardians. There are innumerable precautions, hosts of soldiers for his ride or drive, incessant trepidation for his friends and protectors because of his careless exposure to danger, unmindful of the many would-be assassins who haunt his footsteps. He is a marked man, and no one of his advisers or subjects is enough of a prop to predict with confidence what a day or an hour may bring forth. That he would be rash enough to try conclusions of force with the United States is not to be presumed, except as he is protected by the geography of his country.

Another Big Grab for Free Farms.

Continued from page 520.

to the lump sum as a reparation for the right to hunt in Wyoming, which was given the Indians by the Fort Bridger treaty of July 3d, 1868. The agreement surrendering the land to the government was signed by 227 red men, constituting a majority of the male adults on or belonging to the reservation.

Congress has provided that before any of the lands are opened to settlement or entry, the commissioner of Indian affairs shall cause allotments to be made of such portions as are occupied and cultivated by Indians to the red-skins who may desire allotments. Upon the conclusion of this operation, the residue of the ceded lands will be opened by a proclamation of the President. The lands will be subject to disposal under the homestead, town-site, stone, timber, and mining laws of the United States, excepting as to price, and excepting, also, the sixteenth and thirty-sixth sections in each congressional township, which are to be reserved for common-school purposes and subject to the laws of Idaho.

The proviso has also been made that all purchasers of lands lying under the canal of the Idaho Canal Company, and which are susceptible of irrigation from the water of that canal, shall pay for them at the rate of \$10 an acre. All agricultural lands not under the canal are to be sold at the rate of \$1.25 an acre, one-fifth of the sums to be paid for at the time of the original entry, and four-fifths at the time of making final proof. No purchaser is to be permitted in any manner to secure more than 160 acres of the land. The

rights of honorably discharged soldiers and sailors, however, are not to be abridged as to the sum to be paid.

No lands in sections sixteen and thirty-six, now occupied, are to be reserved for school purposes, but the



MAP SHOWING COUNTRY CONTAINING THE PROMISED LANDS.
Q. Quinault Indian Reservation. H. Fort Hall Indian Reservation.

State of Idaho will be entitled to indemnity for lands so occupied, provided that none of these lands shall be disposed of under the town-site laws for less than \$10 an acre, and that all such lands within five miles of the boundary-line of the town of Pocatello shall be sold at public auction under direction of the Secretary of the Interior for not less than \$10 an acre. It is further provided that any mineral lands within the five-mile limit shall be disposed of under the mineral land laws of the United States, excepting that the price shall be \$10 an acre instead of the price fixed by those laws.

Those desiring to participate in the land opening at the Fort Hall Reservation will have little difficulty in reaching the border of the acres to be declared public so far as transportation facilities are concerned. The line of the Union Pacific Railroad, by means of the Oregon Short Line, passes directly through the reservation, and the Northern Pacific also has good connections, near Butte, Mont.

As soon as the Interior Department has completed its work in connection with the Fort Hall Reservation, its attention will be turned to the preparations necessary for throwing open to the public the Quinault Reservation, in Washington. This comprises about 300,000 acres, and it is probable that early next spring the land-boomers will have an opportunity of selecting home and farm sites there. It is said at the Interior Department that the old "sooner" system instead of the lottery plan is likely to be used in opening up both of the land plots mentioned, although a decision has not yet been reached on this point.



FARRAGUT'S FAMOUS "HARTFORD" AT SEA—THE OLD BATTLE-SHIP REBUILT AND ON A CRUISE AS A TRAINING-SCHOOL.
Photographed for *Leslie's Weekly* by Enrique Muller. Copyright, 1901.



LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER HENRY MCCRAY, OF THE UNITED STATES GUN-BOAT "MACHIAS." HE PROMPTLY LANDED BLUE-JACKETS TO PROTECT PROPERTY AT COLON, COLOMBIA.
Photographed for *Leslie's Weekly* by Enrique Muller.

OSTRICH FARMING IN FLORIDA

THE NEWEST and most promising industry of the United States is ostrich farming, and so great has been the success, that if the industry increases at its present rate the feathers raised will be sufficient to supply the home market in a very few years, and in time this country will lead the world as an ostrich feather market.

To show how young this new industry is, one only has to relate the fact that the first ostriches for breeding purposes were imported into this country in 1882. These were brought from Africa to California, and for years ostrich farming was confined to the Pacific coast. It gradually crept eastward, and now there is one of the three largest ostrich ranches in this country in Jacksonville, Florida. This is the only farm east of the Mississippi, and on it are 140 full-grown birds, each valued at from \$400 to \$750. The photographs accompanying this article were taken on the Florida ostrich farm. The owner of this farm has ranches in the west, and he finds that the ostriches thrive better in the east than in the west, and now that the orange industry has been so crippled by frosts, it is probable that orange ranches will be turned into ostrich farms.

Ostriches are most unusual and interesting birds. The average life of these birds is seventy years, although many are known to have lived to be 100 years old. The only value to commerce of an ostrich is its feathers, and these are plucked every nine months and fetch a high price always. The feathers raised on American birds are of far finer quality than those raised in foreign countries, and consequently they fetch a higher price, which, added to the fact that the ostrich farmer has no duty to pay, gives a splendid profit, as the cost of keeping ostriches is not great.

These strange birds never lie down, but sleep while standing, one ostrich acting as sentinel, and keeping

guard over the flock while asleep. If this silent watcher of the night hears a strange noise or is disturbed, he gives the alarm by roaring—a deep sonorous sound that can be heard for a mile. This arouses the entire flock or herd, and the males roar, and the females hiss like the steam-valve of an engine.

The sentinels are relieved several times during the night and a new picket substituted for the old, just as in the army.

An instance of the vigilance of these pickets is shown by the fate of a negro who was desirous of stealing some pheasants kept at the Florida ostrich ranch. The guard that night was a tall, magnificent ostrich named Napoleon, and he caught sight of the negro just as he was about to break into a pheasant cage. He gave a deafening roar and with outstretched wings rushed at the thief who ran for the fence, but the ostrich was too fleet for him and struck at him with his powerful claw just as the man was disappearing over the rail, tearing his leg open and ripping off the trouser leg. Napoleon kept a still closer watch after that, and kept giving occasional roars.

The ostriches mate, like other birds, and are devotedly domestic, each male with one wife. The male bird assumes part of the duty of sitting on the nest in the sand, and, as regularly as clock-work, sits on the eggs from four o'clock in the afternoon till nine in the morning. The mother-bird sits on the nest the rest of the day, excepting for an hour at noon, when the male takes her place, and allows his mate to go and get her luncheon.

The ostrich lays her eggs in a hole in the sand. The first two are sterile eggs, and are laid outside the nest, for the ostrich is naturally a desert bird, and nature has provided these two eggs, filled with liquid, to serve as food and drink to the newly-hatched ostriches until they become strong enough to go with their parents in search of food and water. The ostrich does

not lay an egg every day, but on alternate days, and the same number, fourteen, is always laid. The eggs weigh about four pounds each and are very rich. They are excellent to eat, but are very expensive for omelets, as the market price is \$20 each. In the native state the ostriches raise but one brood a year, but in captivity they raise four broods a year.

In Florida the ostrich farmers are hatching the ostriches by incubator, and this is found to be even more successful than by the birds sitting on the eggs. The eggs hatch in the incubators in about forty-two days. An ostrich egg is very pretty in shape, being almost round and of a rich cream color. The shell is an eighth of an inch thick, and the eggs are about fifteen inches in length.

The plucking season is the most interesting on the ostrich farm. The birds are driven separately into a small inclosure with very high stout fences, and the bird is blinded by a hood drawn over its head. The long, valuable feathers, or plumes, are plucked from the tail or wings, or rather they are cut with sharp shears, the stubs falling out of themselves later, at the molting time. The shorter, more inferior feathers are pulled out and placed in bags by themselves.

Each plucking averages from \$35 to \$50 to each bird. The feathers of the male are of more value than those of the female.

The feathers change in color with the age of the birds. The feathers of young birds are white and yellow, and at the age of a year and a half the feathers turn to a drab color on the female, and to black and white on the male.

The feathers are not at all attractive when first plucked from the birds, for they have no curl and are very ugly and dingy in color. They have to go through many processes before they are ready for market, even the natural black feather having to be dyed. They

Continued on page 524.

The Drama in New York.

THE BURLESQUE on "A Message from Mars," which constitutes the second section of the performance at Weber & Fields', shows that Mr. Fields, outside of the realm of burlesque, as well as in it, is capable of very finished work. There isn't much of the take-off in "A Message from Mars," and I doubt if it is funny, excepting to those who have seen Hawtrey in the original play. But Fields, as the tramp, is a figure of special interest. It may be a grotesque characterization, but it has the spice of originality, and the demand of the times is for the creator of ideas as well as of ideals. Fritz Williams, who is so obviously out of place in "Hoity Toity," is like himself in the serious part confided to him in "A Message from Mars." He never was made to cavort about the stage in a song and dance, and it was a mistake for him to have attempted it at

Weber & Fields'. "Hoity Toity" is a great go. Lillian Russell is as impressive and magnificent as ever. Fay Templeton is still stupendous, and Bonnie Maginn looks as if she knows that everybody thinks she is handsome. Probably everybody does, if that is any compliment, when nearly every woman on the stage at Weber & Fields' has so much of what we call the "prepossessing."

The drama called "Colorado," by Augustus Thomas, now running at Wallack's, is acted with great care and presented with all the accessories that a lavish expenditure for scenery could provide. It is an old-fashioned melodrama, relieved by some excellent touches of comedy, and one or two of pathos. It will not tire anyone, because it begins and ends with the liveliest kind of action, and, fortunately for the welfare of the players and of the play, while many shots are fired, no one is killed. It is the story of a mining camp, of a lover, a villain, and a miner who springs from poverty to

wealth over night. Wilton Lackaye, as the fortunate miner, Tom Doyle, does the best work. Others who deserve special notice are Horace Lewis, in an eccentric portrayal; John W. Albaugh, Jr., Violet Rand, Maude Hoffman, and Rose Cooke. "Colorado" has drawing qualities and should enjoy a long run.

The second return of "Way Down East" to the Academy at New York brings to mind a notable illustration of the uncertainties of dramatic criticism. When William A. Brady first produced the rural drama, some few seasons ago at the Manhattan, the local papers were unanimous in their verdict of failure. Mr. Brady himself thought that he had lost every dollar he had put into the presentation. Evidently the people did not share the opinion of the press, however, for business steadily increased at the Manhattan during the progress of a run which lasted nearly seven months.

JASON.



MRS. KNOX, WIFE OF THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL.—(Gilbert.)



MISS ALICE ROOSEVELT.
(Cinedinst.)



MRS. JOHN W. GRIGGS, WIFE OF THE FORMER ATTORNEY-GENERAL.—(Gilbert.)



MRS. SMITH, WIFE OF THE POST-MASTER-GENERAL.—(Gilbert.)



SECRETARY HITCHCOCK'S WIFE AND DAUGHTERS.
(Cinedinst.)



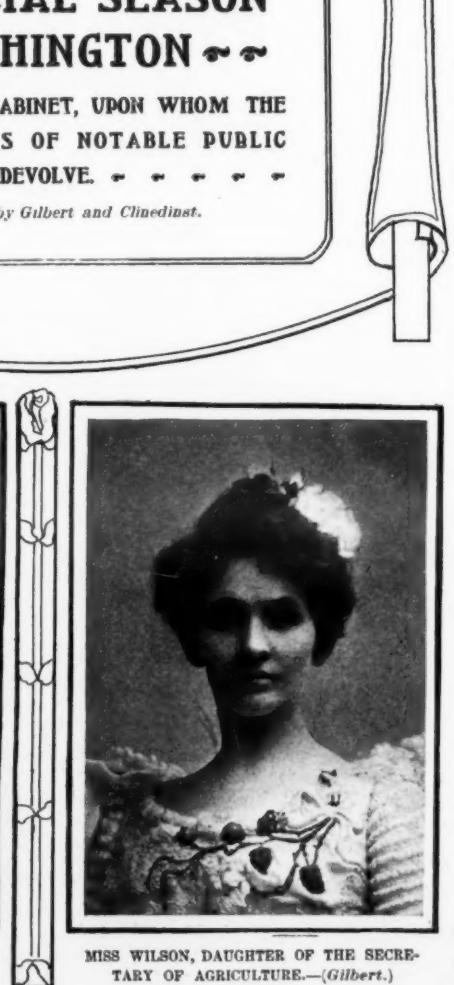
MRS. HAY, WIFE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE.—(Gilbert.)



MISS KNOX, DAUGHTER OF THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL.
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MRS. ROOT, WIFE OF THE SECRETARY OF WAR.—(Cinedinst.)



MISS WILSON, DAUGHTER OF THE SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE.—(Gilbert.)



MISS HELEN HAY, DAUGHTER OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE.
(Gilbert.)



MRS. ALETHE LOWBER CRAIG.



MARGARET S. BURKE.

MRS. EMILY E. BRIGGS,
"OLIVIA."

JULIETTE M. BABBITT.

MAUDE DE HAVEN OGAN.
Davis and Sanford.

MRS. ABBY G. BAKER.



MRS. IDA HUSTED HARPER.

LUCY PAGE STELLE.

VIRGINIA BUTLER.



MISS MARIE MATTINGLY.

MRS. SALLIE VAUTER HARRIS.

MRS. EMILY EDSON BRIGGS is the dean of newspaper women in Washington. She began years ago, during Buchanan's administration, and so successful was she that she earned a nice little fortune in itself by her untiring energy on the Philadelphia Press, under the name of "Olivia." And it was all "hand-made"—that is, she had not the advantage of the present-day women, the speedy and eligible typewriter. And her daily "stunt" was a two-column story; but her editors had no trouble with her full, round hand. "Olivia" also did considerable work on the Public Ledger. When there was need for her special pen she would be sent to do it in her own way.

MRS. ALETHE LOWBER CRAIG is a New York woman whose travels have given vast field for her ready pen. Her sketches of foreign life and worlds have appeared in the Outlook, Chautauquan, Outing, LESLIE'S WEEKLY, New York Sun and Herald; she has written stories for The Youth's Companion and The Ladies' Home Journal, and she has written articles for the Washington Post and Star. Besides being a versatile woman with her pen, Mrs. Craig is a most charming hostess, a pleasing conversationist, and a woman of culture and delightful dignity.

MRS. JULIETTE M. BABBITT is a notable journal woman about Washington. She has kept her pen wet and her fingers nimble since 1878 to the present date, during which time she has furnished to papers from San Francisco to Portland, Me., news of the first importance, stories of the best sort in plot and treatment, special features, dramatic criticism, illustrated articles to the best syndicates, and stories to some of the best magazines.

MISS VIRGINIA BUTLER was born in New York, but when quite a child moved to Stratford, Conn., her mother's birthplace, a beautiful town near New Haven. In this place she was brought up to the delightful pastimes of rowing and riding. Miss Butler is a Vassar woman. For the past fourteen years she has been connected with the Public Ledger, Philadelphia, uninterruptedly, and occasionally other papers. In the meantime she found time to give private instruction, and one of her pupils was Miss Alice Roosevelt, when her father was civil-service commissioner.

MRS. IDA HUSTED HARPER is an Indiana woman. She did most excellent work on the Terre Haute Evening Mail. That paper is now dead, but Mrs. Harper did not kill it; far from it. From Terre Haute Mrs. Harper went to Indianapolis, where she was connected with the Indianapolis News. Mrs. Harper is the writer of the New York Sun's Washington letters during the congressional winters. She has written a series of biographical sketches of famous women. Mrs. Harper stands without rival in the journal world of women. Mrs. Harper is a suffragist, Miss Anthony's biographer, and a financially independent woman.

MRS. ABBY G. BAKER is an all-round journal woman for out-of-town papers and magazines. She is reliable in Munsey's "In the Public Eye"; gives stable matter on the religious aspect of public men to the Christian Herald syndicate; touches up the legations' babies with an artistic pen for St. Nicholas, and fills in a dozen or more other things, and yet she thinks she does nothing, but she does much. She is slight, graceful, dark-eyed, exceedingly charming, and withal sweet and womanly.

MRS. SALLIE VAUTER HARRIS, a Kentucky woman, began her work as a woman with her pen when the clouds hung heavy over her life, and with three little children clamoring for their mother she kissed them and went out to get material for a "story." This "story" was looked at by the critical eye of the editor of the Washington Post and found good. And so her life-work was begun a few years ago. Now she enjoys the fruits of her labors and stands among both men and women of the Washington journal world as the special feature writer from Washington on the Chicago Tribune.

MISS MAUDE DE HAVEN OGAN has found such an easy recognition of her work that she can boast of a generous income from her fertile and easy quill, and she enjoys the fruits of her labors, reaping and sowing and spreading her joys around her. She is a very young and handsome woman, and hails from Ohio.

MISS MARIE MATTINGLY is but twenty, but she has accomplished as much in her short life in the field as many women twice her age. She is connected with the Denver Post Bureau here, and is a contributor to journals both east and west. She is resourceful, knows a story when she sees its footprints, can run down one with perfect surety, and succeed where old and tried men have failed. She is a Kentucky girl, and beautiful.

MRS. LUCY PAGE STELLE came to Washington about eight years ago and took up journal work as a means of livelihood. That Mrs. Stelle made a success of her work is proven by the high estimation in which she is held by the editors of The Baltimore Sun and The Capital. She has done considerable special work for conventions held in Washington. Mrs. Stelle is an Ohioan.

SOME YEARS ago many people wondered who wrote the strong political letters signed "Max." And then later some wondered what sort of a man was M. S. Burke. But she wasn't a man. Only another of the Hoosier women who had to take up her pen to fight the wolf from her door and to guard her young. That Mrs. Margaret Sullivan Burke was a successful journal woman is well proven by the great appreciation of her work by the political men of her day. Mrs. Burke stood before the literary world as a man, while she fought the odds in her hand-to-hand contact with the actual world as a woman. None have done better than she.

MRS. MARY S. LOCKWOOD'S literary life is one of brilliancy. She came to Washington in 1861. She had the opportunity of seeing and hearing the most gifted men of that time speak on the vital questions of the day. It is of these times she writes in her "Washington of Yesterday" in the National Tribune. Mrs. Lockwood is a New York woman. She is a delightful conversationist and can charm away the hours even for a sister woman until the hands on the dial have repeated their warning and been forgotten. Mrs. Lockwood has received "Accepted" from innumerable editors, and her stories are vivid and pleasing.

E. HOVEY KING.

OSTRICH FARMING IN FLORIDA

Continued from page 522.

are thin and straggling, for the feathers, when purchased, consist of two or more feathers fastened together. The feathers have to be curled and gently bent to take a graceful shape.

Ostriches are not gentle birds, but have rather fierce, wild natures; the female seems to be utterly devoid of intelligence, although the males are keen. They never become attached to human beings, and a keeper has to be constantly on the watch else he may be struck down at any moment by a powerful leg of iron. The male ostriches fight a great deal among themselves, and they look very fierce and terrible when in battle.

They are not attractive creatures at close range, for their long necks and legs are bare of feathers, and look as if they had been plucked—a sort of down, like that on a plucked fowl growing on the rough flesh. When racing with outstretched wings across the ranch, however, they appear very graceful, for they spread their wings and half fly. They race each day for exercise, and they delight in bathing, going into the water and splashing about joyously.

They are very powerful and strong, and one blow from one of their legs would fell an ox. They can rip a man's life out with one swoop of their great claw, and they kick and become very vicious at times.

There is never any danger from the beak, and the power of the leg is gone below three feet from the ground, so that keepers lie down flat when an ostrich attacks them, for the awful feet can do them no harm on the ground.

The ostrich keepers have to be expert men, and they are paid \$75 a week for their services, which are not very easy.

At Jacksonville one of the strange sights is an ostrich harnessed to a carriage. This bird belongs to the Florida ostrich farm, and is named "Oliver W." He is more powerful than a horse and very much swifter, and he responds very intelligently to the bridle.



talk about himself and his craft; he affects none of the mysteries and uncanny airs common to others in his profession. He does not claim that there is anything mysterious or supernatural about his tricks; he is quite willing to show you just how they are all done, and then you are free to do the same—if you can. He has no "secrets," except those which lie in unwearying effort and unending patience. He has his crest, a hand and eye, with the motto: "Patience, perseverance, and progress." There you have all the "secret" there is in his work. He practiced one of his tricks for three years before he ventured it in public; another required five years of trial, and another eight.

It was the latter period that Cinquevalli consumed in perfecting himself in his billiard-ball trick, perhaps the most difficult of all. In this he places a billiard ball in a little glass goblet which he holds in his mouth. He then balances a cue on the top of the ball, and on the top of the cue two other balls, one upon the other. The feat seems almost incredible to mortal hands, but Cinquevalli performs it every time he appears, and never fails. But it meant eight years of constant practice before he could trust himself with it before the public eye.

Another feat, as daring as it is dextrous, is that where Cinquevalli catches on the back of his neck a solid cannon ball weighing fifty-six pounds, falling from a height of thirty feet or more. Asked by a representative of LESLIE'S WEEKLY to explain how he was able to do this, Cinquevalli said: "I began learning that trick with a wooden ball weighing about one pound. Even then it often knocked me unconscious, but I kept on practicing, and gradually increased the weight of the ball. Yes, I catch it on the back of my neck. Of course, if I made the least mistake, there would be a bad accident. Then I throw the ball up in the air again and catch it on the edge of a plate. Afterwards I do the same thing with an egg. I practiced that for nine years before I succeeded."

Another amazing feat is where Cinquevalli holds in his left hand a blow-pipe loaded with a small dart, while in his right he juggles a knife, a fork and a potato. All at once the fork is thrown high into the air, followed by the potato. Some fraction of time before the ascending potato meets the prongs of the descending fork the blow-pipe is used, and the dart imbedded in the potato. An instant later the united three-fork, potato, and dart, are received on the blade of the knife.

Another astonishing exhibition of strength and agility is seen in the act where Cinquevalli holds aloft in the air, with his teeth alone, a man seated in a chair at a table, at the same time tossing balls to and fro in his hands. The man in the chair before the table is held

so firmly and steadily that he is able to read a paper as he sits suspended.

Cinquevalli has had a varied and eventful personal history. He is Polish by birth, German by education and training, English by virtue of residence, and a citizen of all the world as a matter of fact. For some years it has been his practice to spend three months in Paris, three in London, and three in America. During the remaining three he "loafs and invites his soul" in a beautiful home of his own on Brixton Road, London. His recent appearance at Keith's was positively his last appearance before the public in America, since he proposes, at the end of his tour, which will take him around the world, to retire permanently from the stage. He has been thrifty beyond most men of his profession, and, while he is only forty-two and still in the prime of life, he is abundantly able to retire upon his laurels if it pleases him to do so. Should he aspire to the dignity of a professor of modern languages in one of our colleges he would undoubtedly succeed, since he speaks English, German, French, Russian, and Spanish with perfect fluency, and has a fair acquaintance with several other tongues. Furthermore, he is an accomplished pianist, and finds in musical exercises his favorite relaxation from the strain of his stage work. He has a partner of his joys, and several children, also, all of whom are now accompanying him as he journeys around the globe.

SOME MEN are born Kings, some generals, some poets some stage-drivers, and now and then one is predestined to delight a wondering world with marvelous feats of strength and cunning—in other words, to be a juggler. Cinquevalli is one of these. He is a commanding genius in his class, original and unique. It is not easy to describe him—he is just Cinquevalli, the only and incomparable. A student of heredity and prenatal influences might find it interesting to inquire into the problem as to how this extraordinary personage received his bent, wherefore that creative stamp which seemed to make it possible for him to be a juggler and nothing else. For Cinquevalli himself can hardly remember the time when he wasn't doing something that no one else could possibly do.

There is a dim tradition afloat that, as a baby, he was much given to balancing on his toes, and to frightening his fond parents by swallowing everything that came his way. As a matter of fact he used to astonish his schoolmates in the little Polish town where he was born, by throwing his slate in the air, making the three strokes necessary to form the letter "A" on it with a pencil, and catching the slate again before it touched the ground. Let any school-boy try that now if he thinks it easy.

Cinquevalli differs from other jugglers in many ways, and among these in the fact that he is perfectly willing to

AGUINALDO AT CLOSE RANGE

From our Special Correspondent, Sydney Adamson.

MANILA, October 8th, 1901.—My cochero did not know the house, so he drove me past it down Malacañan to the palace, and from there we were directed back to it, but a hundred yards distance. Many an uneasy night has been passed by generals, Spanish and American, beneath that palace roof on account of Aguinaldo; many a plan has been hatched here during the hot nights while the insects buzzed and the muddy Pasig swept silently to the bay, to capture this man who now lives so quietly, a prisoner under guard in this house but a stone's throw away. I did not wait long before Lieutenant Green, an old friend from China, appeared to tell me that as far as he was concerned I was welcome to see Aguinaldo, stating, however, that General Aguinaldo, as a military prisoner of the United States, was at liberty to decline to see any one as he willed.

Señor Jovan, Aguinaldo's secretary, happened to come out of his rooms just then, and Green introduced us. The Filipino secretary is a small man, bright, and quick to understand one's meaning. His English is good, if

a little limited. Perhaps General Aguinaldo would see me, but it was necessary to state plainly that he would not commit himself on any subject and refused to discuss anything of political significance. This was decidedly disappointing, but not in the least unexpected. What would any one do in his place? Surely one of the prime considerations from his point of view is, "How may I best disentangle myself from this difficult position without loss of honor, without abandoning my country, and with the least distasteful consequences in the future?" Surely his decision to be silent is wise. Green and I talked about things in general, and China and the Philippines in particular, while Aguinaldo got ready to see me.

This house, which is Aguinaldo's prison, has nothing about it to suggest captivity, only the guards at the gate and the orderly sitting in the hall below. But might they not be guards of honor, for aught the careless world knows, and the resident a commissioner or an American general? From the windows the eye reaches across the river far beyond to hills where the sun rises,

and one feels that with large rooms and with one's wife and children the world might go very well here. The prisoner is permitted to go out in his carriage accompanied by an American officer, and he is also permitted—one might almost say condemned—to receive callers. He is considered a good "show," and everybody who wishes to be in the swim has "seen" Aguinaldo. I had heard so many gushing individuals describe him as "a perfect stick" that I was delighted to have a chance of discovering the reason. An officer with a lady arrived during my chat with Green before Aguinaldo was yet ready. They learned of my appointment and wished to see him for "just a moment" before my talk began. When the secretary was informed of this he looked a little bored, I thought, but the general consented to see them and be seen. We were all introduced to him and they sat down.

We sat in the wooden and wicker chairs of the country, and a withering silence gagged us all. Aguinaldo sat stiffly upright in his chair and looked at the lady

Continued on page 529.



HITCHED UP FOR A DRIVE.



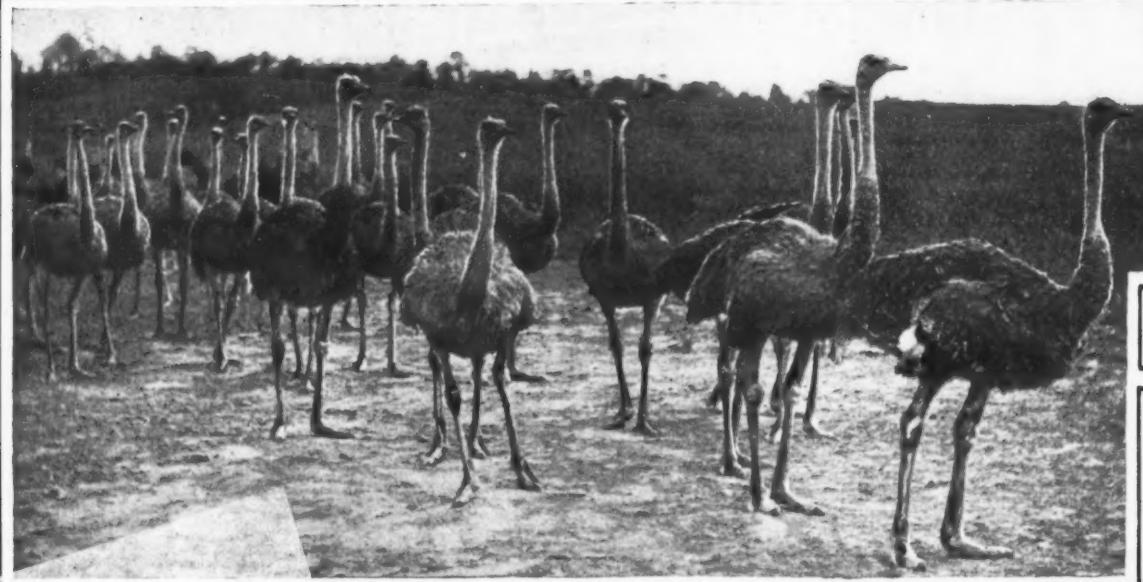
THE FIGHTING OSTRICH, "ADMIRAL DEWEY."



A SUPERB SPECIMEN.



THE CHILDREN'S PET, "BILL NYE."



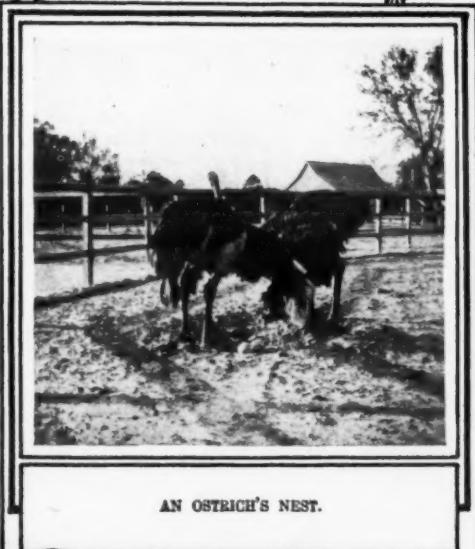
A FLOCK OF OSTRICHES WAITING TO BE FED.



JUST FROM THE INCUBATOR.



"COLONEL BOB" LOSES SOME FEATHERS.



AN OSTRICH'S NEST.



WAITING TO SEE THE OSTRICHES PLUCKED.



TEN-DAY-OLD OSTRICHES.

A FLORIDA OSTRICH FARM.
HOW THE FLEET AND POWERFUL CREATURES ARE BRED FOR PROFIT.

See page 522.



SENATOR DEPEW, AS HAPPY AS A BRIDEGROOM.



SENATOR FRYE, THE FRIEND OF AMERICAN SHIPPING.



REPRESENTATIVE PAYNE, OF NEW YORK, WHO WILL SHAPE FISCAL LEGISLATION.



SENATOR PLATT WALKING BRISKLY TO THE CAPITOL.



JUSTICES OF THE SUPREME COURT WALKING TO THE CAPITOL.



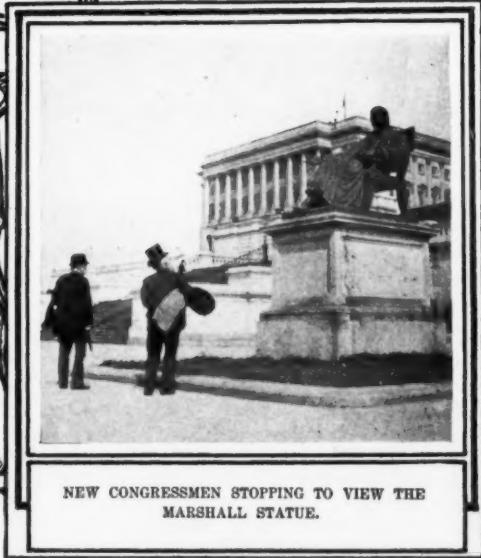
CONGRESSMEN ON THE WAY TO THE OPENING SESSION.



THE SPRIGHTLY VETERAN, GALUSHA GROW, OF PENNSYLVANIA.



THE TALLEST MAN IN CONGRESS, CY SULLOWAY, OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.



NEW CONGRESSMEN STOPPING TO VIEW THE MARSHALL STATUE.

THE OPENING OF CONGRESS.
SNAP-SHOTS OF MEN OF NOTE AT THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.



THERE WAS a reason why the opening of the *presa*. On this occasion, now many years ago, was of unusual interest. It was always a matter of life and death, especially of death; but this time it was also a matter of love—in whose name, the world over, are wrought the greatest tragedies of life.

The *presa* is the Mexican storage dam, in which the waters of the hills are caught as they come down in the rainy-season floods. It holds the life-giving waters for all the valley below, and the people are so dependent upon it that it is almost a sacred place. At Guanajuato the *presa* is the centre of things. Round about the *presa*, with its magnificent and massive masonry, its artistic ornamentation, and its safety gates, is the plaza and the promenade. Here the aristocracy of what was once counted the richest silver-mining region in the world comes on Sunday to march back and forth as upon a stage. Four abreast, in solid phalanx, the women walk in one direction, throwing quick glances from their southern eyes, over the tips of their Spanish fans, at the men who march in picturesque ranks in the opposite direction, on another broad walk, parallel, but a few feet removed.

Between these lines of promenaders, and on the outer boundaries of both, were grouped hundreds of *peones* in their happy squalor, gazing, as a cat may at a King, upon the same sight that had charmed their fathers and mothers for generations, and that constitutes now, as it did then, the one diversion of their sleepy lives. It was but rarely that one ventured too near the sacred presence of the *señor* and the *señorita*, and then it needed but a graceful wave of the hand to warn him off. He did not need a kick to remind him of his place on the ground. Indeed, he was content to sit, or recline, and watch the mazy movements of the throng until he fell asleep. He never even dreamed of the day when he should wear the tight leather breeches laced up on silver buttons from ankle to belt. His highest ambition was to become the proud possessor of a silver-decked *sombrero* that he could hand down to his great-grandchildren as a token at once of his high estate in life, and of his frugality in having saved from gaming the thirty or forty dollars necessary to purchase the great white beautiful thing that weighed five pounds or more.

Miguel, the *cargador*, was dreaming this dream and watching this beautiful sight on the plaza, one Sunday long ago, when the pulque he had indulged in in honor of the occasion, being several centavos' worth more than his usual quantity, overcame his centre of gravity by making things that were straight up and down seem dangerously slanting. He fell to the ground and into a drunken slumber at the same instant. His shoulder rested on the low walk, and his head fell back directly in the path of Carlos, who at that moment was casting his black eyes sideward toward the *Señorita Constancia*.

Carlos had re-adjusted the most brilliant *sombrero* in the row upon his narrow head, and was putting his *cigarro* unto his lips with a most beautiful flourish, when his little boot came in contact with the *cargador's* head, and he himself went headlong down to defeat before his rival's very eyes. This man, Don Pablo, son of the owner of one of the richest mines of Guanajuato, walked beside him, and looked like a beast, Carlos noted, every time the *Señorita Constancia* passed them and threw her sweet glance beyond him into the eyes that glittered beneath the brightest and heaviest *sombrero*.

Carlos gathered himself up in an instant and turned, furious, upon Don Pablo. He was politely enjoying the episode, but wholly unprepared for assault, and when Carlos struck him squarely in the face and addressed him by ill-sounding names, he forgot his honor for a moment and attempted to explain.

"It was not I," he cried. "You stumbled over Miguel the *cargador*!"

But this only brought from Carlos an accusation to which no gentleman of any nationality can submit. The two men came together with a shock. Their *sombreros* fell and were trampled under foot by the crowding onlookers. A young woman screamed and tried to make

THE OPENING OF THE PRESA A STORY OF OLD MEXICO

By Mrs. J. K. Hudson

her way to the scene of the combat. It was the *Señorita Constancia*.

By the time she reached the struggling men her high tortoise-shell comb and her black lace mantilla had been dragged from her head, and her black hair was falling down her back. But she paid no heed to these accidents, nor to the cries of her faithful attendant, who tried to overtake her. The crowd fell away slightly, and the fighting men drew back, breathing hard, and turned from glaring at each other to look with beseeching eyes toward the *señorita*. She seemed to see but one of them, and threw herself into the arms of Carlos. But her *duena* reached her in time to snatch her away just before the officers of the law arrived upon the scene. Removing her black *rebozo* from her head, the woman wrapped her charge in its folds and hurried her off.

According to ancient custom all the participants in the disturbance were escorted to jail without parley; Miguel, the innocent cause of it all, along with the two proud, dishevelled combatants. It was of no account that his neck was almost broken, and that ever after the blow he received that day he carried it awry—there were many such as he. But it was of great moment that two representatives of the best blood of Guanajuato, pure Castilian on one side, should have met in violent encounter. And it was particularly unfortunate that the son of perhaps the richest mine owner there had been overpowered by the dandy of the town. That was an insult that the silver mine and the blood of Castile could not brook.

Every one knew how the trial would end—even the *señorita*, though she continued to pray to the Virgin Guadalupe for her lover's pardon. There was no end to the money that could be used in the defense of Don Pablo and the conviction of Carlos, so the don was set free and the owner of the finest *sombrero* was sent to the convict mines. The *cargador* went, too, but that was because the authorities did not know what else to do with him, since no one asked for his release.

"That settles it," chuckled Pablo to himself, as soon as he heard the verdict. Constancia will never marry a convict, even if he should live to serve out his sentence—which is doubtful, for he cannot endure the darkness, he cannot live on the prisoners' fare; he will die, as he deserves to. Think of it—attempting to thwart me, the son of the richest mine-owner in Guanajuato!"

So it was not many moons until Pablo was pacing back and forth in front of the *Señorita Constancia's* home every day, showing his devotion by extra hours on the days when it rained hardest, and looking longingly at the iron-grated casement for some sign of recognition. When, after what seemed to him an unreasonably long time, Don Pablo failed to receive this sign, he became angry and threatened vengeance on the prisoner.

In Mexico, a long time ago, when prisoners became too much crowded, or when there were more than could be worked in the mines and elsewhere, and they consequently became unprofitable burdens upon the government, it was the custom to remove a portion of the men to remote districts, and thus relieve the congestion of important municipalities, such as Guanajuato. The announcement that such change would take place was always hailed with delight by the occupants of the medieval barracks and dungeons of New Spain, and the prisoners set out upon their unknown journey with hope springing anew in their hearts.

"It could not be worse," they reflected. "It might be better—and then, there was always the chance of escape!"

These detachments of prison-pale, wan-eyed men always passed through the streets of Guanajuato chained together, hand and foot, and flanked on either side by ranks of mounted soldiers. It was a sad sight. The prisoners might be looking upon the familiar streets and the hills of Guanajuato for the last time, and groups of their friends, to whom they could not speak, made them weep.

When they were fairly outside the city the main force of soldiers returned to their barracks, and left but a meagre escort with the train—so small that the prisoners wondered. Yet, what could they do, manacled and weak as they were? Further on, miles out in the open country,

the guards unlocked their shackles and the astonished men were put upon their honor to follow the guide and obey the guards. Then the little spark of hope that had been kindled in each man's heart burst into a flame.

At the next turn of a mountain road, where a boulder or a thicket made a temporary shelter, a convict sprang from the ranks and leaped to freedom—and to death. The sharpshooter who walked behind him stepped from the ranks, too, took aim at the fallen figure struggling for a foothold, fired, resumed his place, and marched on. His aim was unerring. That is why he was chosen as one of this trusted escort. Again and again the same scene was enacted. Sometimes the guard was obliged to cover many weary miles before the prisoners would all try the experiment of escape, but they were all human, and sooner or later all were tempted.

On the return journey the guards dug shallow graves and laid their victims away. When they reached the city again no tales were told; they were too well-trained for that—and they suspected, also, who the next victim might be.

Don Pablo knew all this. He thought it all over carefully many times. The *Señorita Constancia* did not know. At least she had only seen the prisoners start to the mysterious, far-off destination from whence they never returned, to be sure, but where, she had often been told, they were much happier than in the jails of Guanajuato. She had heard, doubtless, of the chance of escape; the only one that offered hope for her lover. Don Pablo thought much. It would not do for him to approach the prison keepers and those higher in authority, with proposals for the removal of Carlos. That was beneath him. There was his honor to defend, through all this trying time.

Yes, he must induce the *señorita* to offer the bribes. That would be a double revenge, and it would be doubly sweet. He could furnish any quantity of silver. The opportunity for a conference with the *señorita* was secured, even as it had been before, and may have been since, in lands where the maiden and her lover never meet alone.

"I have despaired of winning your gentle heart by any but gentle means," began Don Pablo. "My love for you is so great that I would have killed Carlos for his presumption. But I see now that he was not to blame. Indeed, how can any man help loving you? I adore you, my angel, and my great love for you has softened my heart even toward my once hated rival. I come to ask you to aid me in an attempt to make his imprisonment easier, and perhaps shorter."

"You, Pablo; can that be?" she said.

Then, glancing up eagerly, without more words she looked into his eyes as if she would find a hidden answer there. So steady, so searching was her gaze that Pablo began to shrink from it, and said, with a harsh note in his voice, as if he were afraid to put the question, and yet as if he were forced to it, "Do you doubt me?"

To his great surprise, she said, "No, no! I will do anything you ask of me. What is it? How can we aid him? It is noble of you to think of him. What do you propose?"

"Dear Constancia——"

"There! Not so fast, *señor*. Keep your place. A lover should not claim his reward before it is won. When you have rescued our friend it will be time enough. What have you to say?"

"This, then, if you will be so cruel. I have learned that a number of the most deserving prisoners will be removed to more comfortable quarters in another part of the state. You know that the prisons are more crowded here than elsewhere because of the miners, and aside from the discomfort of the situation I do not like to think of my comrade being subjected to the companionship of these low fellows. At the prison to which they will be transferred the men will be mainly of a better class, and they will have out-door employment. There are no mines there, and the prisoners can even play if they wish to. I am sure Carlos will be much



happier. Then he will not be broken down in health by the time his prison term expires, and can return to you—eh—no?"

"I will do whatever you direct, Don Pablo. Tell me quickly, that I may go about it."

"Well, then, I wish you to take money that I will furnish and secure promises from the officers and guards that Carlos shall go with the first party. It is to leave immediately after the *fiesta*, the opening of the *presa*, on St. John's day, you know. They will tell you that Carlos is too young, too valuable in the mines. They want his labor, and do not care that it would break him down and make him an old man long before his time of release. They will send out older men, whose strength they have exhausted, but who, they will tell you, need the change. Do not overlook a single man whose influence may be useful to Carlos. There will be plenty of silver for all. Your own wise little head will apportion it to each man's needs. Let me meet you again when this is gone. But, listen: The arrangements must be completed speedily. There will be no time after the *fiesta*. The expedition would start before the opening of the *presa*, but that the guards would be needed at home. There will be many people here this year, for the early rains have been bounteous and the *presa* is already full, and there will be great rejoicing over the prospects of crops in the valley. The convicts who will open the *presa* have been selected. They are old and hardened men, as they always are, though they must be strong to remove the great timbers of the dam. It is certain death, but there are always enough who are anxious to do the work. It gives them a chance for their lives, they think, poor fools. But, although it is always announced that any prisoner who can escape from the flood after opening the *presa* may go free, not one has ever come forth alive."

"But, have you never heard of the owner of the old mine up in the mountains, the *Encarnacion*?" interrupted Constancia. "It is said that he was as rich as your father. And he was a convict and helped to open the *presa*, and escaped, and no one dared molest him after."

"Yes, yes, that is a pretty story to tell girls like your sweet self; but I do not believe a word of it. No man could live in that flood. You know how it looks. You have seen it often, and this year it will be worse, they say, than ever it has been in your memory or mine."

The *señorita* looked very thoughtful for a moment, and then Pablo rallied her upon being sad because he had spoiled a romance that her nurse had told her, and she smiled and said she would be off upon her errand of mercy for poor Carlos. Pablo was well pleased to see her go. His fine plan was all working out without a slip, and even when it should be found that his rival would not return, no suspicion would be directed against himself. Constancia would be an accomplice and nobody else would know.

The plan was indeed perfect. That was proven at the next meeting. The rendezvous was well chosen, and both Pablo and the *señorita* were there at the appointed hour—a time when all the mothers and fathers and *duenas* in Guanajuato were asleep.

"And you have seen all the officers, and all the guards, and the soldiers who will accompany the detachment, and they all agree?" Pablo repeated eagerly, after she had told of her success.

"All, every one; but they want more money. It is not enough. I must have much more to make it sure. It is a great risk, they say."

"Yes, yes; I know. I have it with me. For one little—"

"Not so fast, Don Pablo. Must I remind you again that your reward is not yet earned. Give me the money, but do not touch the tips of my fingers until Carlos is out of that vile prison and far away from the dreadful mines. I saw him pass in the chain-gang only yesterday."

Aguinaldo At Close Range.

Continued from page 525.

through his smoked glasses. She looked back with a burning desire to say something, but, at last, not knowing Spanish, only managed to murmur, "Do you speak English?" He answered in Spanish in a very low voice, barely audible and much constrained, "Very little." This wild break was followed by another dead pause. The secretary watched his shoes intently, then the gallant soldier made a dash for it in Spanish, but it soon fizzled out, and the low, impassive tones answering in the fewest words rendered the warrior *hors de combat*, too. Another pause followed in which one felt the silence, and that wild desire to bolt or have something happen began to take hold of me. Luckily something did happen—the warrior and the lady went. Aguinaldo smiled and beckoned me to a more comfortable chair by the window.

I was intensely interested in the man. Often as I have swung along with the columns in pursuit of his

day, and he looked pale and worn. The guards of the mine would tell me nothing of him until I gave them money, and then they said that Carlos and Miguel, the *cargador*, knelt at the little shrine deep down in the mine every day and prayed to the Virgin. I have put a new image over my door, too, so that evil spirits cannot enter to spoil my work for Carlos. I am sure the blessed Guadalupe will save him. Ah, I see that it does not please you to hear me talk so much of him. Well, since you are tired listening, I will run away."

After each of these clandestine meetings Constancia thought over carefully everything that had been said, and tried to recall every look of Don Pablo's black eyes, so that she might be sure he trusted her. Everything seemed to her to have eyes and ears, though her mother said that she had neither since Carlos was put in prison. At night the very stars looked upon her secret, she thought. And as she sat and watched the valley fall into darkness, and the little lights twinkle out high up on the hillsides, where the flat-topped houses clung, she trembled, and saw visions in the dusk, and called piteously upon the Virgin to preserve her and carry her lover safely through the brave expedition she had planned for him.

The morning of the *fiesta* was cloudless and balmy. The deep blue sky, the purple hills, the mirroring lake, made a background of beauty that is not surpassed in all the world. The people of Guanajuato were gathered together in holiday array, rich and poor, old and young, grouped on the slopes to watch the opening of the *presa*. The priests in their rich robes were there to bless the waters and the fields. The military force was all out in bravest uniform, with banners flying and bands playing. Less important than priest or soldier was the civic functionary, but he was present in his finest *serape*, his fringed sash, and his most gorgeous *sombrero*. On every hand were picturesque little awnings tilted toward the sun, under which gambling devices flourished without hindrance from *padre* or *alcalde*. Fruits and sweets were cried in and out among the throng, carried in great flat baskets on the heads of men and women, and even by children who could just toddle under the load. Flowers were everywhere; the great dam itself was decked with them. *Confetti* rained on the ground like rainbow-hued snow. Music sounded from every side, and the long lines of soldiers had been in position for an hour.

The delay in bringing to the scene the prisoners who were to release the waters had wrought the tension of expectancy to a high pitch, and a great shout arose when at last they were seen approaching. The little squad of doomed men was guarded on all sides by picket soldiers, and it was not until they were almost upon the breast of the dam that any unusual curiosity was manifested concerning them individually. Suddenly, the excited people were standing on tip-toe, straining to see the convicts allotted to the hazardous task of opening the *presa*.

Some one shouted, "It is Carlos!"

Another said, "Yes, yes; it is he."

Others cried, "It cannot be."

But soon all were shouting his name, for every one in Guanajuato knew Carlos.

And it was he. Strong, agile and handsome, he formed a striking contrast to the rough-looking old miners and *mozos* who were his comrades.

The shouts rose in prolonged chorus; died away, and rose again, before any one noticed that Don Pablo was hurrying to the front where the officers stood. Almost fighting his way through the crowds, he pushed right and left and trampled underfoot any who were in his way. The people knew in an instant that he was going to protest against Carlos being given this slight chance for his life.

These people with the Latin blood flowing freely in their veins are as volatile as the air under some condi-

tions, and as steadfast as death under others. The holiday spirit had possessed them on this day of the opening of the *presa*, and, besides, they instantly recognized the justice of granting so young and so well-born a citizen one last opportunity to regain his freedom and his manhood. The cheers that were filling the air for Carlos changed to groans and hisses when it could be seen that Don Pablo was protesting and pointing threateningly toward his disgraced rival. But when the officers in command shook their heads and their arms, and it was understood by the watching throng that Don Pablo's request had been denied, and he was directed to stand back, the cheers rose again with redoubled might, and if the prisoner wanted the inspiration of sympathy and encouragement he was given both in unstinted measure.

Don Pablo retreated, looking black and sullen, but he was helpless. He did not glance up, even to catch a blow of the eye that was dealt him by a girl who knelt on the ground in view of all the thousands there, praying that her lover might be saved. She alone of all the throng knew how it came to pass that the prison doors were opened to Carlos, and he was there to live or die for her, but when they saw her kneeling with her arms outstretched like a cross, the cheers broke out anew and were louder and more prolonged than ever.

In another instant the order had been given for the removal of the first great timber, and silence fell on all the people as the convicts stepped forward. All the multitude saw the defiant look with which Carlos swept the hillsides as he braced himself before bending to his task. It was so magnificent that his friends said, "What if he should escape?" and others wept that he must die. At once the men seized either end of the log and began the strain. But before they could have exerted half of their full strength something gave way, and the waters burst forth like a mighty avalanche. The timber was torn from their grasp and hurled into the air, and then fell into the midst of the boiling billows that piled higher and higher at the foot of the dam, and was swirled away down the cañon before the excited people could see or comprehend what had happened. The convicts had all disappeared, and there was consternation on every hand. Then the mass of people began to press forward in a panic that threatened to push hundreds of them over the banks of the *presa*. At the most perilous moment a voice cried out, "He is saved! He is saved! Help! Help!"

And running down from her point of vantage to the edge of the rising water in the cañon the people saw the *Señorita* Constancia. She was waving her hands in the air and calling upon her friends to follow. Her eyes, of all the thousands watching there, had seen a form clinging to the massive timber when it turned in the flood and shot down the stream. She alone saw the great beam dash itself against the bank and lie stranded in the shallower water. For an instant one end swayed in the current, and then its great weight held it still. At every turn she had seen the form clinging round it, and she knew it was Carlos. If he was pinioned under it she feared that the life so miraculously saved would be crushed out before help could reach him, and she led the way with flying feet. A moment later strong arms raised the timber from two crushed limbs, an arm and a leg, and the onlookers took off their *sombreros* as in the presence of the dead. Constancia put her hand on her lover's heart and her face close to his, and listened. Then the *padre* who knelt beside her put his ear to Carlos' breast, and in a moment looked up to heaven and thanked the dear saint that he lived.

With the *padre's* word of promise Constancia fainted away. She and her lover were carried home together, to be nursed back to life and love, followed by an adoring multitude.

There is a Spanish proverb which says, "A Spaniard must be matched by a Spaniard."

intensely—not bodily, perhaps, so much, but mentally.

The dark smoked glasses may be necessary, but they make an excellent screen from which to view the inquisitive world. His teeth are ugly. They are irregular and stained, probably with the betel nut, and, as he speaks, it is noticeable that they protrude slightly. In his photographs the mouth is always firmly closed and his teeth are hidden. He was dressed in the ordinary white suit of the tropics, and his fine small hands rested together in his lap. Once or twice when I said something that pleased him, he smiled and increased his tone just a little, then noticing it, constrained his manner again.

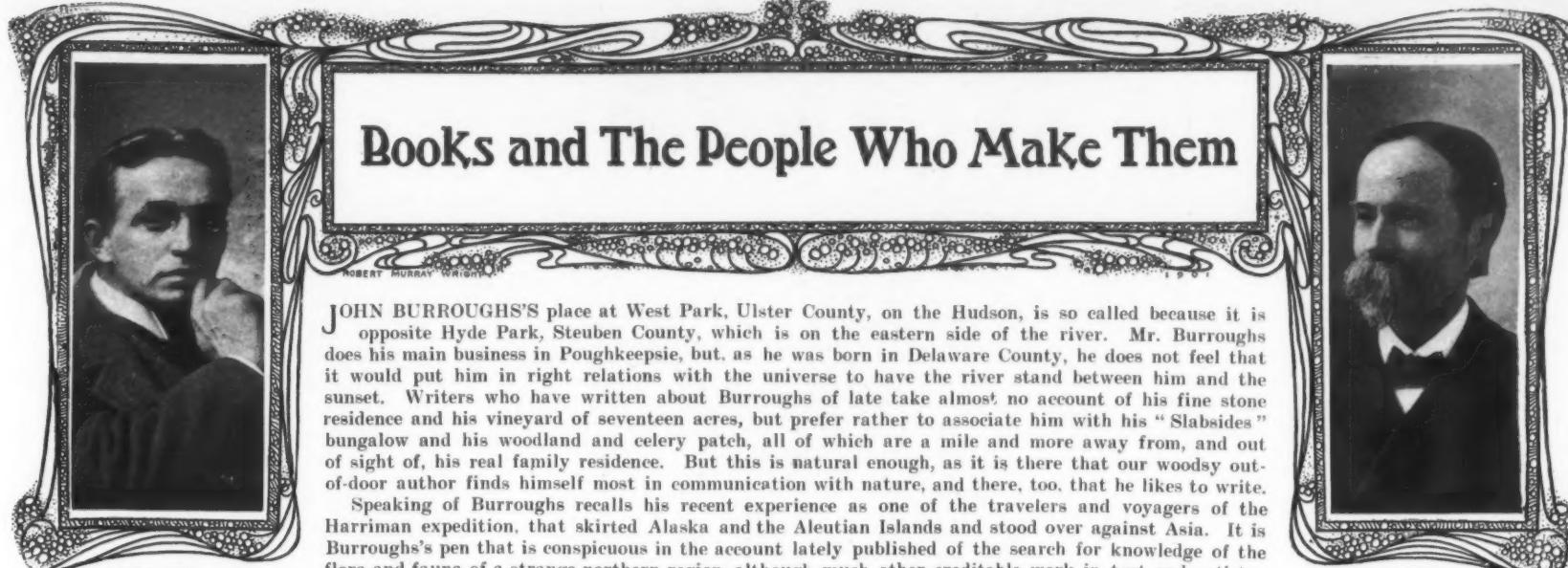
When we parted I felt, in the grip of his hand and the manner of his parting, that we were friends. As he walked to his inner room I noticed that the full energy of his movements utterly belied the implied feebleness of his scarcely audible voice. The impression of the man is still strong upon me. Here is nothing of his history, though, perhaps, a suggestion of the man.





ETHEL BARRYMORE,

THE YOUNG ACTRESS WHO HAS ACHIEVED A GREAT SUCCESS IN "CAPTAIN JINKS OF THE HORSE MARINES." SHE IS ALSO A SOCIAL FAVORITE IN NEW YORK.

JOHN L. FOX,
AUTHOR OF "CRITTENDEN."

OF ALL the holiday books that have thus far come to our notice none exceeds in interest "The Imp and the Angel," by Josephine Dodge Daskam (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York). Beautifully written, handsomely bound, and profusely illustrated by Bernard F. Rosenmeyer, there is nothing lacking to make it a first-class book of stories alike for old and young, and an elegant gift book. Candidly, we must say that we prefer the Imp to the Angel, a conclusion with which we think all our readers will agree. The stories concerning the Imp's doings awaken both smiles and tears, and as we read the successive chapters, more and more do we fall in love with the brave little fellow, even with his impish tendencies and performances. The author understands boy life and the child spirit, and is so natural in her delineations that the Imp seems to be a boy that we have known personally. For pure wit, natural pictures of child-life, pathos and humor, fun and frolic, sense and nonsense, commend us to "The Imp and the Angel."

M R. EDMUND GOSSE, the English poet and critic, has some interesting information to give in the current number of The International Monthly concerning Thomas Hardy. "On the best authority I am informed," he says, "that the first novel which Mr. Hardy wrote has never been published and will never see the light. The name of it was 'The Poor Man and the Lady,' and it was full of the revolutionary and anti-social extravagances which are native to the unripeness of a youth of genius. It happened by a strange and interesting coincidence that the 'reader' for the publisher, to whom this manuscript was submitted, happened to be no less a person than Mr. Meredith. He saw the rough power in the book, and he recommended it for publication. But he also sent for the young man, and with great courtesy and friendliness urged him to consider whether it would not be wise to adopt, on his first introduction to the public, a gentler guise. The result was that Mr. Hardy asked leave to suppress 'The Poor Man and the Lady,' and retired to write 'Desperate Remedies.'

M R. FRANK BULLEN'S story of Kipling, told to the London Congregational Union, is none the less interesting because it is not new. Though Mr. Bullen learned it from the lips of Mr. Kipling himself only recently, the fact is as old as Kipling's journalistic days. At twenty-three Mr. Kipling found himself with a year in which he had nothing to do, and he resolved to visit America. It was at San Francisco that Kipling became a total abstainer and it was in Buffalo that the sight of two drunken girls, led reeling out of a concert hall by two young men, impressed him. "I became a Prohibitionist," he wrote in a remarkable passage. "Better it is that a man should go without his beer in public places, and content himself with swearing at the narrow-mindedness of the majority, than to bring temptation to the lips of young fools such as the four I had seen. I understand now why the preachers rave against drink. I have said, 'There is no harm in it, taken moderately,' and yet my own demands for beer helped directly to send these two girls reeling down the dark street to God above knows what end. If liquor is worth drinking, it is worth taking a little trouble to come at—such trouble as a man will undergo to compass his own desires. It is not good that we should let it lie before the eyes of children, and I have been a fool in writing the contrary." That seems to be the true story of how Mr. Kipling became a teetotaler.

A RE WE on the eve of a cat renaissance? Is Tabby to be restored to something of the place which she held under the ancient honorable rule of the Pharaohs, as a being of more or less supernatural powers and attributes. Has a mild conspiracy been formed somewhere to boom the feline race and gain new and hitherto unthought-of favors and privileges for the pussies of our homes and firesides? One is tempted to think so, from the fact that no less than three books devoted exclusively to cats have recently and almost simultane-

Books and The People Who Make Them

JOHN BURROUGHS'S place at West Park, Ulster County, on the Hudson, is so called because it is opposite Hyde Park, Steuben County, which is on the eastern side of the river. Mr. Burroughs does his main business in Poughkeepsie, but, as he was born in Delaware County, he does not feel that it would put him in right relations with the universe to have the river stand between him and the sunset. Writers who have written about Burroughs of late take almost no account of his fine stone residence and his vineyard of seventeen acres, but prefer rather to associate him with his "Slabsides" bungalow and his woodland and celery patch, all of which are a mile and more away from, and out of sight of, his real family residence. But this is natural enough, as it is there that our woodsman finds himself most in communication with nature, and there, too, that he likes to write. Speaking of Burroughs recalls his recent experience as one of the travelers and voyagers of the Harriman expedition, that skirted Alaska and the Aleutian Islands and stood over against Asia. It is for knowledge of the flora and fauna of a strange northern region, although much other creditable work in text and artistry gives elegance and completeness to the volume.

ously appeared before the public. They are all written by women, too, which is another ominous and significant fact, and are illustrated in the most seductive style. In one of these books, Agnes Repplier, turning aside from her usual vocation as a writer of delightful essays, has undertaken to trace the history of "The Fireside Sphinx" (Houghton, Mifflin & Company) back to the realm of misty and ancient tradition, showing how the cat has been alternately loved, honored, feared, and worshiped, from Adam down; how she has figured in song, legend, and folk-lore all through the ages. Miss Repplier clearly writes *con amore*, as one who holds all cats in general, and some in particular, in high regard, and is proud of the fact. She is not slow, indeed, in expressing the opinion that people who have no place in

best, and Miss Benson says it is highly relevant to say "Which dog?" "Which cat?" as animals of the so-called lower orders are as individual as their human superiors. From which it appears that Miss Benson has as poor an opinion of people who do not "warm up to cats," as has Miss Repplier. And if anything could bring such hardened persons over to Miss Benson's point of view it would surely be the delightful stories which she has to tell in this book, with cats as the chief dramatis persona. And to make the argument still more alluring we have the exquisite illustrations by Henrietta Ronner, and also the photographs of many cats in real life.

N O WRITER has gained such an insight into Japanese life and character as Lafcadio Hearn, and no one has written about these wonderful people of the far east in such a charming fashion. This characterization applies to the volume, "A Japanese Miscellany," the latest book by Mr. Hearn, which Little, Brown & Company have just published. Mr. Hearn's career is strongly tinged with romance. His father was an Irish surgeon in the Seventy-sixth British Regiment, his mother a Greek lady from Cefiro. He was born at Leucadia, Santa Maura, Ionian Islands. He was sent to France at sixteen to be educated, came to America when nineteen, and found himself in New Orleans, where he did editorial work for ten years. In 1887 he visited the West Indies, with which he was charmed; went to Japan against his wish, but was quite reconciled to his fate, for he married a Japanese lady, and is now lecturer on English literature in the Imperial University of Tokio.

T O WHAT extent the success and popularity of a book depends upon its typographical and artistic features, its title and general "make-up," is a question upon which it would be difficult to arrive at any positive conclusions. In case of an author who is making his first bow to the public, no doubt these outward and subsidiary things help to create a favorable impression and thus to gain for him a hearing at least. First impressions count for something even in the world of books. We would gladly lend a willing ear to an Emerson, a Ruskin, a Dickens, or any other of the masters whenever he might speak to us, even though he came in shabby attire and with halting speech, but in the case of a new and unknown candidate for our favor it would be greatly to his interest if he appeared with an outward adornment in harmony with our ideas of taste and good form. To go no deeper into a book, so to speak, than the covers, not a little depends, we are certain, upon the care, taste, originality, and artistic effort displayed upon this feature. If it were not so the great publishing houses of our day would not engage the services, as they do, of men and women of expert training, and the best obtainable artists and designers, to devise and execute new, unique, and attractive covers for their books. One well-known publishing house pays to its chief art director \$6,000 a year, and another increases this amount to \$8,000 to a man who is expected to do little else than to see that their books are sent out to the public garbed in the most sumptuous, exquisite, and attractive raiment that art can devise and money can buy. No dealer in the rich gowns and dainty lingerie of a fashionable shop is more anxious, persistent, and energetic in his search for the latest and most fetching styles and patterns than these publishers are to obtain the most tasteful and alluring dress for their publications. Such work must be a potent factor in the financial success of a book or it would not be done, for business and not sentiment is its chief motive power.

It might go without saying that no amount of artistic embellishment, within or without, will float a crude and stupid book into popular favor any more than fine clothes will make a gentleman out of a clown, but, other things being equal, the book which attracts and pleases the eye by the skill and taste displayed in its "make-up" doubtless gains a positive advantage over the volume whose outward semblance is cheap, slovenly, and repellent. There is, indeed, a philosophy in book clothing which might tempt another "Sartor Resartus" in this special line, but that literary achievement must be left to some Carlyle and not a book reviewer.

Continued on page 537.

FROM "WINSOME WOMANHOOD," BY MARGARET L. SANGSTER.
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their hearts for cats are, for "intellectual and moral reasons, not worth considering." But that there are times when the society of cats is not conducive to pleasant thinking, even to Miss Repplier, is evident from such sentences as these: "The cat often leaves the friend who courts her, to honor or to harass the unfortunate mortal who shudders at her unwelcome caresses. There is an impish perversity about the deed, which recalls the snares of witchcraft. So, too, does her uncanny habit of looking, with fixed gaze, over one's shoulder at a dark corner of the room and turning her head slightly from time to time, as her eyes follow the movements of the unseen object in the shadows. When I am alone of a winter's night, and oppressed by the vague fear of life and death which haunts the soul in moments of subjection, I find this steadfast stare at a ghostly presence trying to the nerves."

O NE OF the other books, by Margaret Benson (Putnam's), starts out with the somewhat alarming title, "The Soul of a Cat." But we find in reading that Miss Benson is not exactly a believer in the immortality of cats, or any such heterodox and dangerous doctrine as that, but that she holds that cats have character and individuality, a tenet with which few will dare to disagree. Persons who are guilty of thinking otherwise are of the sort, she says, of the person who once asked her if she liked poetry, and when she asked "Whose poetry?" instance that of the Marquis of Lorne. Persons of this sort ask you if you like dogs or cats



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"WASH-DAY."
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AMERICA'S MOST COSTLY BUILDING.

New York's \$30,000,000 Cathedral of St. John the Divine.

EVERY SUNDAY afternoon from 4 o'clock to 5 o'clock there is a service in the crypt of what, when it is completed, will be the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in the diocese of New York, of which Bishop Potter is the head. There is no rector in charge of the parish. Seven ministers are selected by the bishop, one of whom preaches. When all have preached another list is made out. Although the crypt has a seating capacity of several hundred, many stand during the service, while many are turned away. Every Sunday thousands are attracted to Cathedral Heights. Many of these are sight-seers. They come from all parts of the country. The fame of the great structure, which is to be an offering of Episcopacy in this country to Almighty God has gone abroad. Aside from the cathedral itself strangers turn to the heights in order to look upon the panorama which stretches out over miles of roofs and spires, extending eastward to East River and the blue landscape of Long Island.

After each service in the crypt a free lecture is delivered by Mr. Barnard, of the vestry, explanatory of the structure. Although he has repeated this lecture after each service ever since the opening of the crypt, more than a year ago, the crypt is always crowded until the finish of the talk. While the lecture is free, it is not for publication. Some time ago a number of ladies, many residents of other cities, requested that the lecture be printed in booklet form and sold for the benefit of the cathedral. Bishop Potter refused the request. On more than one occasion there have been attempts to make a stenographic report of the lecture, but each attempt has been courteously frustrated. The wishes of Bishop Potter and those in charge of the crypt have been respected. There is, however, some general information in connection with what will be the greatest ecclesiastical structure on this continent, which has been semi-officially obtained.

For instance, the first stupendous arch, which is now finished, and toward which the eyes of pilgrims to the heights turn in wonder, is 145 feet high at the keystone. An illustration of this arch is printed in this issue of LESLIE'S WEEKLY. This arch is one of the four, each of the same dimensions, which will support three other arches, to tower 300 feet. These three will, in turn, support the spire in which the chimes will be placed, the whole to be surmounted by a cross. The group of arches will spring 450 feet into the air—105 feet less than the Washington Monument. Then above this will stand the spire. The columns for the three arches like that in the illustration are finished, and the arches

will soon be under construction. None of these four arches, when the cathedral is completed, will be seen from the outside. They will form a part of the great arched ceiling under the spire. The three arches supporting the spire will, of course, be in view from without.

The extreme east end of the building,

as it now appears, is what will be known as the Belmont Chapel. In front of it will stand the eight granite monoliths, of which much has already been written and printed. They are from quarries in Maine, and each, when hewn and carved, and put in its place, will weigh more than 150 tons. The giant pillars will stand back of the choir loft.

The dimensions of the cathedral are:

Length, 520 feet; across the transept nearly 300 feet. The front, or main entrance of the edifice will face Amsterdam Avenue. It will be 200 feet in width, and flanked by two giant towers. The corner-stone of St. John's was laid on St. John's Day, in 1892. Forty plans were submitted for the structure. They were sealed down and down until one was adopted. Notwithstanding accepted specifications and contracts, no one certainly can tell the final cost. A man skilled in such matters, after a summary of data furnished from an authoritative source, "guessed" that the sum necessary to finish the work would be \$20,000,000. The man to whom the guess was made, who possessed details which the other did not have, replied, "You are at least ten millions under the cost, maybe more."

Great as the work unquestionably is, with its construction going forward daily, there is a general belief that the cathedral will be nearly completed three years hence. When that time comes a park will have been finished in the midst of which the structure will stand. This will be known as Cathedral Heights Park, and will be connected with Morningside Park, laid out in the days of William M. Tweed, and which extends along the natural lines of the beautiful bluff, under the shadows of the site on which the Cathedral of St. John the Divine will stand.

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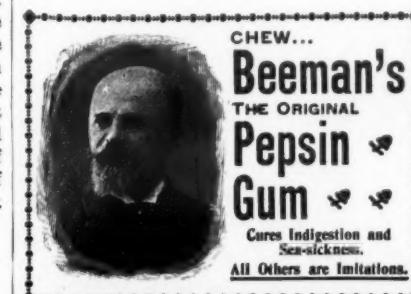
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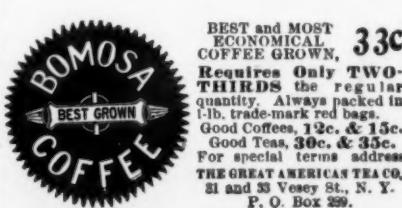
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In The Sporting World

W. T. REID,
Harvard's Coach.

THE CLOSE of the football season finds most of the alleged prophets lost in the woods. It has been a season of surprises in more ways than one, and the final game—the great battle of the year—the meeting of Harvard and Yale, brought the season to a fitting close. Harvard, which has the undoubted champion team, was fortunate in having so excellent a trainer as "Jack Scotty" McMasters and so good a head coach as W. T. Reid. Here were two men who understood physical

has cooled, will wish that there had been no question raised of his eligibility. The fact that he played is proof positive that the charges of professionalism made against him had no foundation in fact. The score, 22 to 0, would indicate that the Yale team was not in the best of shape. There are rumors that Trainer Murphy was not satisfied with the manner in which the team had been handled. The Yale players looked drawn when compared to the healthy glow which seemed to shine in the face of about every man on the Harvard team. So Harvard has a little the best of Yale in the struggles for the last five years. The Crimson captured two of the games, and played two ties, leaving Yale a single victory. The season ended nicely in that Harvard's supremacy is unquestioned in the east.

THE TRAP-SHOOTERS are having their troubles, but I am not inclined to the belief that the trap artists will pay much attention to the Amateur Athletic Union's effort to define the definition of amateur for them. The experts have competed for sweepstakes for many years, and will continue to do so. They argue that their expenses are considerable and the division of the money at the conclusion of a tournament helps to make both ends meet. Few of our trap-shooters are really wealthy men, and they look upon the sweepstake as an institution which has stood for years, and no more of a professional character than when two drivers have a brush on the road for a limited stake. The shooters argue that a man who is paid for using a certain gun or ammunition, or who makes his living out of his work, is a professional, and they are satisfied to let it go at that, and so am I in this case.

AND WHILE on the subject of professionalism it occurs to me that the automobile clubs cannot get together too soon and agree upon a set of rules and regulations governing races on the track and road. In the recent tournament in Brooklyn men like A. C. Bostwick, Foxhall P. Keene, and others competed in an open competition against professionals, and yet the fact seems to have escaped the eyes of those who are fond of preaching amateurism. Henry Fournier—not Henri—never laid any claim to amateurism even when he was a bicycle rider. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., expected to take part in the contests, and only an injury to his automobile prevented his appearance. Now let somebody charge Messrs. Keene and Bostwick with professionalism and see what will come of it. I won't do it.

OUR BASEBALL friends continue to scheme, and it looks as if they intended to keep it up all winter. I had a long talk with several of the magnates recently, and left with the opinion clearly defined that both National League and American League were about bluffing the limit. The situation is one where a diplomat with knowledge of the subject is needed, and the man to do the trick seems to be Albert G. Spalding. Spalding, I am convinced, would bring order out of chaos, providing the old-time club-owners can induce him to take off his coat and go to work. Whether he will do this or not is a question, for he has no special liking for dabbling in baseball politics at this time.

THE HOCKEY season has opened, and this lively importation from Canada promises to be more popular than ever this winter. It is a game full of spirit, and when two evenly matched teams meet on the ice a battle is assured worth going miles to witness. Most of the colleges will have regular university teams this winter. The game has practically supplanted roller polo in some sections of the east.

GEORGE E. STACKHOUSE.

Sporting Queries Answered.

[READERS are invited to consult the sporting editor on perplexing sporting problems. A stamp should always be inclosed with an inquiry, as a personal reply may be deemed proper. Address Sporting Editor, LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.]

J. E. MASON, BALTIMORE: It is against the law to ship game out of North Carolina. The law, however, was made to check the poachers and is not always enforced against sportsmen of the true type.

WILLIAM STEMPLE, NEW ORLEANS: The laws in professional baseball differ materially from the rulings in the courts. Still, if you have signed a two years' contract with a club it would not look sportsmanlike, nor help to advance you in your profession, to try to wiggle out of it.

ROWING CLUB, CANADA: The Henley Regatta is open to all countries. The scheme to confine the events to English oarsmen was not carried through.

MRS. M. A. WALLACE, CLEVELAND: Any bicycle of standard make, purchased at any reliable dealer's, will be pretty sure to be all right. A cheap wheel is seldom of much account. The bevel-gear principle has proved itself to be all right, and I know several regular riders who would not think of using a chain bicycle.

G. M. CHASE, ST. LOUIS: The several shooting associations generally follow their own rules, and the chances are that they will refuse to recognize the amateur definition as laid down by the Amateur Athletic Union. In the eyes of the trap-shooter, competing for a money prize does not necessarily make a man a professional.

J. C. WALSH, LOUISVILLE: The National Trotting Circuit held eleven meetings and distributed nearly \$400,000. The largest individual winner was Eleata, 4-year-old, 2.08%. Lord Derby was the fastest green gelding of the year.

JOHN M. GOLFIN, SAN FRANCISCO: Joe Nelson holds all of the amateur-paced bicycle records from two to thirty-five miles. He made the records at Vailsburg, N. J., on October 8th. His time for twenty-five miles was 41:27.

G. E. S.

Hints to Money-makers

NOTICE.—This department is intended for the information of the regular readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY. No charge is made for answering questions, and all communications are treated confidentially. Correspondents should always inclose a stamp, as sometimes a personal reply is necessary. Inquiries should refer only to matters directly connected with Wall Street interests.)

FINANCIAL writers, with singular unanimity, continue to talk of a coming bull movement. I say "with singular unanimity," but perhaps I should qualify the expression, for, as a rule, financial advisers are always on the bull side. It is rarely that they are found advising their readers not to buy. It is no secret that most of these writers have their own axes to grind or are engaged in grinding the axes of others. No matter what they may say, no matter if the market temporarily shows spasms of strength, and regardless of all deals and combinations, I still believe that we are on the downward plane. There is no question that the period of contraction and reaction in the Old World has commenced, and history tells us that we must, on this side of the water, go through the same processes as inevitably as we breathe the same air and enjoy the same sunshine.

While we have been told that we have more money than we know what to do with, and that there are not sufficient stocks and bonds to go around and accommodate all who want them, we are beginning to understand that large syndicates of financial manipulators have been heavy borrowers abroad, and that they have been creating so many new additional issues of securities that the investing public is suffocated with them. Every day newspapers report that the competition between the great railway systems of the west is becoming sharper. We are discovering that the much-talked-of Northern Pacific settlement has not settled anything. It has resulted in the organization of a new company, known as the Northern Securities Company, with \$400,000,000 of capital, and with no tangible assets. By some hocus-pocus process, this company is to be utilized as a medium through which the load of Northern Pacific shares, bought by the contending forces in the market during the struggle for control last spring, may be unloaded upon an over-confiding public. Thus far, the public fights shy of the proposition, and legal obstacles are threatened by some stockholders as well as by the Governors of some of the western states, who protest against the proposed combination of heretofore competing railway interests.

The man who is carrying the stock market on his shoulders to-day is J. Pierpont Morgan. What would happen in the event of his sudden illness or death? A smash, the like of which the street has never seen before. Is it remarkable that in the face of such a situation, dependent on the life of a single man, conservative investors and speculators are quietly withdrawing from the street? And now, with Congress in session, involving possible complications over the questions of tariff and reciprocity, a rumored investigation of alleged scandals in connection with the Northern Pacific Railway deal, and the determination of President Roosevelt to put the great industrial combinations under some form of regulation, a fight on the question of free sugar, and a discussion of the revenue law, what is the outlook for a holiday boom?

Stocks are, in many instances, on a higher plane than ever before, and booms do not start under such conditions. A half dozen stocks can be picked from the list of railway securities, every one of which is over fifty points higher than its selling-price a year ago. Outside of the industrial field, few shares are lower now than they were then. Most of them are from five to eighty dollars higher. Is it not foolish to talk of another boom under such conditions? Do my readers realize that as late as 1894, 151 railroads, with a mileage of over 40,000 miles, and a capital of over two and a half billion dollars, were in the hands of receivers, and that in the last two or three years many of these re-organized properties have had an astonishing rise? Old operators on Wall Street are recalling the time of the last great rise in Union Pacific, from \$15 a share to over par, when Jay Gould disposed of all his holdings, and urged his friends to do the same. Some of them

thought they were wiser than he, and refused, and they lived to pay assessments on the stock. The trouble with the average speculator is that his memory is too short.

"A." Quincy, Mass.: I do not believe in it.

"H. Y." Illinois: Neither has a high rating.

"G." Topeka, Kan.: Personal answer sent you by mail.

"M." Fair Haven, Mass.: Cash received and preference given.

"B." Freeland, Penn.: They make no report that is available, but I will endeavor to secure the information later on.

"S." St. John, Neb.: Neither is rated by the mercantile agencies. The last of the three is the best of the lot, but do not advise dealing with any of them.

"S." Greenville, O.: I do not advise buying the puts and calls of the Cleage Commission Company. It will be wiser to speculate on your own judgment.

"K." New Haven: None of the parties has any standing, and if you had read this column regularly you would be fully aware of that fact. Have nothing to do with them.

"P. L." New York: I have already discussed the Greene Consolidated Copper Company. It is pretty nearly a one-man corporation, has been facing some interesting litigation, but has a good property and good prospects. I have not advised its purchase.

"G." Memphis, Tenn.: I do not regard Republic Steel and Iron common as in any sense an investment. It is purely speculative. If I bought either, I would buy the preferred. (2) I would rather have Tennessee Coal and Iron than Republic preferred.

"S." Tiffin, O.: Fairly good investment bonds, promising excellent returns, are the San Antonio and Aransas Pass fours, around 90; the Kansas City Southern threes, around 69; the Reading general fours, around par, and the Adams Express fours, around 105.

"B." New York: I have seen so many promising copper mine prospects utterly fail that I hesitate to advise you to accept the tempting offer even of your friends. Something in sight, I believe, would be safer, and a conservative man should always think of that first.

"S." Brockton, Mass.: The American Investment Company was a sort of discretionary pool scheme. I cannot get track of the parties who seem to be in charge of its affairs. I have persistently discouraged investment in all discretionary pool enterprises. I do not believe in them.

"L." Utica, N. Y.: I would prefer United States Express to Western Union for a permanent investment, and would not advise the sale of American Express, which I regard very favorably for investment purposes. (2) A good cheap bond is the Kansas City Southern threes around 69, and the Reading general fours around 90.

"C. M. L." Portland, Me.: The Kings County Elevated Railroad has a trackage of about twenty-two miles, and is the property of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company. The first mortgage fours are a reasonably good, but not a gilt-edged, investment. (2) The trackage covers a part of the territory of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit.

"G." Atlanta, Ga.: American Can was organized by powerful manipulators, but is selling now at less than the price at which they placed it on the market. The hope of its future lies either in its absorption by the United States Steel or by its affiliation with a strong combination in opposition to the latter. I would sell whenever I could see a profit.

"L. M." New York: Southern Railway is a good stock to trade in, in an active market. It is one of the stocks in which Mr. Morgan has a strong interest and which he will probably sustain as long as he can. I have not therefore advised short sales. I think you can eventually cover without loss, provided you can protect your interest.

"D." Indianapolis: Of the four common stocks you mention—Wabash, Chicago Great Western, Kansas City Southern, and Wisconsin Central—as a purchase, to hold for a year or two, I am inclined to prefer the Kansas City Southern and Great Western shares, though much, of course, depends upon the possibilities that may arise from unlooked-for combinations or deals.

"K." Westport, Md.: Colorado Fuel and Iron, which sold last year as low as 30, and this year as high as 130, has been maintained at its present price by reason of its possible absorption by the United States Steel Corporation. All of the iron and steel stocks are at intervals affected by such rumors. At the first favorable opportunity I would sell.

"C." Duluth, Minn.: I agree with you that the prospects of Amalgamated Copper cannot be expected to improve until the foreign demand for the metal makes a better showing, but I hesitate to advise selling at a loss, in view of the fact that manipulators are endeavoring to advance the market. At the same time, a small loss now taken, might be more than made up by purchases in other directions.

"A. J. H." Montgomery, Ala.: I do not believe in the "tips" of the Statistical and Reference Bureau. You can make up your mind that if this bureau, or any other, has sure tips on the market, they will not be sold to you or anybody else at a nominal figure. (2) I do not see why J. Overton Paine & Co. should have special facilities to obtain better inside news than any other person on the street.

"H." Amsterdam, N. Y.: Subscription received and preference given. (2) The earnings of the Reading system, since the increase of a dollar a ton on anthracite coal, are making a magnificent showing, and the wildest predictions of the value of the common stock are being heard. If prosperous conditions continue, Reading is a good speculative purchase on reactions. It does not pay anything on the common or second preferred.

"Trustee," Annapolis, Md.: The guaranteed stocks are exempt from taxation in many instances, and are perfectly safe for trust funds, but they return a very low rate of interest, less than you can get in some savings banks. For instance, the New York and Harlem shares, at 41¹/₂, yield only 3¹/₂ interest. The Pittsburg, Ft. Wayne and Chicago, at 190, 3¹/₂, and the Illinois Central leased line 4 per cent. stock, at 105¹/₂, only 3¹/₂.

"H." Milwaukee: I have repeatedly discussed the question of Amalgamated Copper in my department, and have not advised its purchase of late. Until the foreign demand for copper improves, I question whether the earnings of Amalgamated can be maintained on the high plane of the past. (2) I would rather buy Anaconda stock, at prevailing quotations, because it is selling at much lower valuation than the price at which it was taken in by the Amalgamated. While I think Amalgamated is likely to sell lower, yet I would not sell at a loss, on a fluctuating market, which may carry Amalgamated higher any day. (3) The party has no rating and I would be very shy of transacting business with him.

"R." Augusta, Me.: It is said that if its earnings had been properly charged, the Reading could have paid the full 4 per cent. upon the first and second preferred, and 2 per cent. on the common stock this year. (2) The Southern Railway is authorized, with the consent of its stockholders, to reduce the common stock from \$120,000,000 to \$60,000,000. It always seemed to me that there was too much of this common stock, and I have, therefore, not advised its purchase.

"C." Brooklyn: I do not believe there is an immediate prospect of a further advance in St. Louis and Southwestern, though it is possible that the proposed combination of railroads in that direction may warrant its purchase. Both the common and preferred have had an abnormal rise in the last year. I should be inclined to sell on the first favorable opportunity. (2) I think the effort to boost American Car and Foundry has been quite as successful as it deserved to be.

"G." Dayton, O.: I have for a long time past advised my readers to keep an eye on Manhattan Elevated. It holds a very valuable franchise, and its electrical equipment now being installed, with a wide-awake management, will make it, many believe, as valuable as the Metropolitan system. The effect of the competition of the new underground railroad, which will not be completed for two years to come, is problematical. The Sage and Gould interests control Manhattan.

"B." Los Angeles, Cal.: I have referred to the status of the United States Steel Company, of Boston (which must not be confounded with the United States Steel Corporation), several times. It is somewhat in an experimental stage, that is, it is a new company, which has still to justify the hope that it can continue to pay 12 per cent. dividends. I have not advised the purchase of the stock. I would much rather have the preferred stock of the United States Steel Corporation.

"B." Butte, Mont.: The excess of the production of beet sugar in Europe and the struggle in this country between the beet and cane sugar interests, are not calculated to encourage buying of American Sugar stock. (2) Fairly good investment bonds, paying satisfactory returns, include the Evansville & Terre Haute general mortgage 55, which, at 109¹/₂ and interest, return to the investor 4¹/₂ per cent.; the Lehigh and Wilkes-Barre Coal Company sinking fund 55, which, at 105, net 4¹/₂ per cent., and the Georgia Midland Railway first 35, which, at 68, return almost 4¹/₂ per cent.

Continued on page 536.

FINANCIAL AND INSURANCE.

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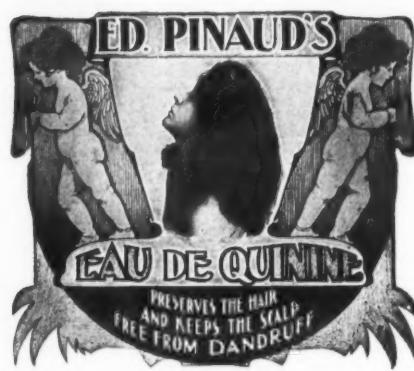
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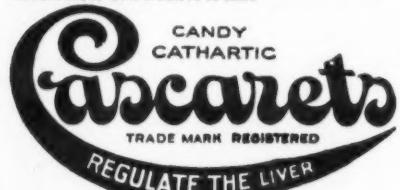
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Hints to Money-Makers.

Continued from page 535.

"S." Memphis, Tenn.: I agree with you that we must expect shortly to suffer from the widespread depression abroad, and that we have been living too fast and must prepare for a day of reckoning. It is for this reason principally that I am advising prudence and caution in the stock market.

"L." Mobile, Ala.: The report that St. Louis financiers are to develop a great steel and iron corporation in Tennessee is another evidence of the fact that the United States Steel Corporation does not and cannot control all the coal and iron properties in the country. (2) I would not sacrifice my Tennessee Coal and Iron. Many regard it as a purchase whenever it approaches 60. Its absorption by the United States Steel Corporation is still regarded as most probable.

"S." Topeka, Kan.: It looks as if the Western speculative clique, to whom was attributed the recent rise in the market, sold out at the first opportunity, and that some of the big holders of stocks in the East also took advantage of the brief rise. (2) Among the cheap speculative stocks, the Reading offers good opportunities for speculation on every reaction. I hear that its earnings are phenomenal. (3) I look for heavier shipments of gold and tight money before January 1st.

"S." Richmond, Va.: I do not believe in copper stocks at present, because the copper business has been overdone. For the first nine months of last year we exported 272,000,000 pounds of copper, and during the same period this year we exported just about half of this amount, the lowest aggregate since 1895. The widespread business depression abroad is greatly reducing the demand for copper and eventually must result in a decrease in the price or in the output of the metal.

JASPER.

NEW YORK, November 29th, 1901.

Write Right.

"SCATTER DECENT, HELPFUL THINGS."

Good, philosophical Ras Wilson once said to a new reporter, "Young man, write as you feel, but try to feel right. Be good-humored toward everyone and everything. Believe that other folks are just as good as you are, for they are. Give 'em your best and bear in mind that God has sent them, in his wisdom, all the trouble they need, and it is for you to scatter gladness and decent, helpful things as you go. Don't be particular about how the stuff will look in print, but let 'er go. Some one will understand. That is better than to write so dash 'bing high, or so tarnashun deep, that no one understands. Let 'er go."

"So on the above plan," says M. W. Porter, of Topeka, Kan., "I will write what I know of Grape-Nuts Breakfast Food from personal experience. After a long period of indigestion and other disorders, with some misgivings, I took up the use of Grape-Nuts. Despite the hot weather I kept gaining in strength and mentally, a thing I had never done at that season of the year.

"I found the food an excellent stimulant for the brain, and I could do more and better work than I had ever done. It was a revelation to discover how closely the brain and digestive organs were in sympathy with each other. Whatever retarded the work of one had a corresponding ef-

fect on the other, and the food that tended to put one in proper shape acted accordingly on the other. I know that my great improvement mentally and physically came from dispensing with unwholesome food and using Grape-Nuts liberally."

Life-insurance Suggestions.

[NOTICE.—This department is intended for the information of readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY. No charge is made for answers to inquiries regarding life-insurance matters, and communications are treated confidentially. A stamp should always be inclosed, as a personal reply is sometimes deemed advisable.]

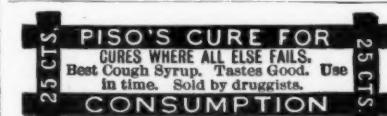
[IN THESE prosperous times, life insurance has become more popular than ever. It is now very generally regarded as a safe form of investment, and many men who are earning good pay, but who are unable to save much from their earnings, and who are afraid that they may be tempted to spend whatever they put by in a savings bank, are seeking investments in life insurance, by the purchase of the new gold bonds, or of short-term endowment policies. This form of investment is so safe and brings such excellent returns, ultimately, that many men of large as well as small means are adopting it. The life insurance feature which accompanies it, and which safeguards the interests of the family, adds immensely to its popularity. The great life insurance companies have thus, in a measure, become investment companies, which insure to their depositors, or policy-holders, the best returns that an intelligent and conservative management of trust funds can offer. The time has therefore come when very few successful men are without life insurance.

"S." Wakefield, Mass.: I regard the Aetna Life of Hartford, favorably. It is not one of the largest companies, but makes a very good report.

"M." Jersey City: I do not believe at all in the first company you mention, and the second is now undergoing a transformation which may or may not be a success. I am inclined to agree with the advice of your friend.

"P." Demopolis, Ala.: The company has had internal troubles and has been refused a license this year by the comptroller. It tried to include in its assets a large building which it is alleged it did not own. I am not favorably impressed by its standing.

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BOOKS AND THE PEOPLE WHO MAKE THEM.

Continued from page 531.

WELL DO we remember our childish idea of heaven, a great flat plain and an immense number of people standing upon it, with harps in their hands, clothed in white robes, and forever singing hymns of praise. To those having such crude notions, and who think that heaven is simply a place

"Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbath has no end."

"Within the Gates," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, may prove of some value, as more closely binding the future life with the one that now is, and making it more real and natural. Otherwise we fail to see what good purpose it can subserve. The story is in the form of a drama, and beginning in the home of a popular physician in a large city, concludes with the reunion of husband, wife, and son in the heavenly life. Of course it is wholly a work of the imagination and without worth among real discussion of discovery concerning the great hereafter. According to Mrs. Phelps, love-making seems to play

given as if not to be employed and improved? All depends upon the novel. There are novels and novels. There is also a difference between novel reading and reading novels. One is dissipation, the other a healthful, mental relaxation.

Brief Book Notes.

In "The Making of a Marchioness" the admirers of Frances Hodgson Burnett have found that their favorite author has lost nothing of the indefinable charm which pervaded her earlier writings. The fact that the scene and the characters are chiefly English may be explained, perhaps, in part, by the fact that Mrs. Burnett has spent most of her time in England for some years past. In thorough keeping with the style and spirit of the story are the illustrative features of the book, in which such artists as Charles D. Williams and A. Kay Wornrath have collaborated. As a specimen of fine book-making the volume is superb, and much credit is due to the publishers (Frederick A. Stokes Company), for this result.

The latest issues of Dodd, Mead & Co. include an unusual number of famous novels by the most famous authors of the present day. Among these are Ian MacLaren's "Young Barbarians," Amelia E. Barr's "The Lion's Whelp," Sir Walter Besant's "Lady of Lynn," John Uri Lloyd's "Warwick of the Knobs," and Lucas Malet's "Sir Richard Calmady." It is not often that such a list of popular and high-class novels is offered to the public by a single publishing house. Every one of the books mentioned is a literary treasure.

Because one is a just, able, and discriminating critic of other people's writings, it does not necessarily follow that the critic is himself possessed of the literary faculty in a high degree. Some of the masters in criticism, as all the world knows, have themselves produced nothing of permanent value. But this does not hold true of Mr. James O. G. Duffy, whose recent novel, "Glass and Gold" (Lippincott), is an original and striking portraiture of certain phases of social life at the present time. Mr. Duffy has been for some years past in charge of the literary columns of the Philadelphia Press, and in that sphere of effort has become widely known among the readers and makers of books.

Stories of our Civil War are in these days more or less wearisome. Mr. B. K. Benson's novel, "A Friend with the Countersign" (Macmillan), contrives to be thoroughly interesting in its relation of the marvelous adventures of a Federal spy, who had served in good faith in the ranks of both parties, and for this departure from the normal we are accordingly thankful. The author, besides his gift of invention, appears to have considerable knowledge of the real history of the Civil War, and has contrived to make a notably readable book.

Piney Woods.

HEALTHFUL BUT NOT ALWAYS CURATIVE.

To go to the piney woods is a help, but if one carries along the bad habits of food and drink that have caused sickness, the piney woods will not produce a recovery.

Coffee drinking caused blindness in a Virginia gentleman, and his remarkable experience is worth reading. "I have been a coffee drinker since my earliest remembrance. If I missed coffee at a meal it brought on headache. This should have shown me that I was a victim to a drug habit. Finally, wakeful, restless nights came on. After dinner I was always drowsy and after sleeping would waken stupid and morbid, and felt as though I had been drugged, and when this feeling wore off nervousness and restlessness would set in until I drugged myself with coffee again.

"At last my eyesight began to fail. Some of the best optical specialists agreed that I had an affliction of the optic nerve, and after two or three years' treatment my eyes slowly lost their power and I became almost sightless.

"I was advised to go to a piney woods near the sea in a most isolated place. This I did and lived there for two years without any visible benefit. I gave up all hope of recovery until last Spring a friend expressed the belief that the coffee I drank was the cause of all of my trouble. He had been a slave to it and had been unable to find relief until he quit and took up Postum Food Coffee.

"His experience startled me and I decided to try the change, although I had but little faith in its merits. My first cup of Postum proved delicious and was a great surprise. It was evidently well made. I had not the slightest trouble in leaving off coffee for the Postum filled its place perfectly.

"During the past six months I have gained in flesh, my sallow complexion has become clear, and my eyesight gradually improved until now I am able to read and write. My mind is once more clear and active, and I no longer suffer from sleepless, nervous spells. You can imagine I feel grateful for my restoration." W. Harold Fenton, Brighton, Va.



REDUCED ILLUSTRATION FROM "THE CAVALIER."
By Howard Chandler Christy.

an important part in our future existence, at least until we become accustomed to the new surroundings. If our juvenile conception of heaven was conventional and unnatural, may it not be possible to go to the other extreme? It does jar a little on our organ of veneration to hear Jerry, the Irishman, as he walks up the heavenly shore, exclaim as he scratches his head: "Oiv niver a cint in me pocke, and me hoofin' it in this quare country. I wonder where the sinsible saints I'm at." If, however, the book wakes any reader up to think more of the life to which all are so rapidly tending, and to remember that as we sow here we will reap hereafter, it will not be without some good result. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., New York and Boston.)

HAT THE attitude of the church toward the novel has greatly changed in these latter days, all who observe the signs of the times must frankly admit. In years gone by very pious people classed novel reading with a certain range of amusements known as "worldly." Now, our religious papers freely advertise novels and give them kindly review. Religious publishing houses issue them by the cart-load, and in the mild form known as "stories" they constitute the bulk of our Sunday school libraries. They are employed to sugar-coat history, biography, and even science and theology. Yet the old-time preacher thundered against the novel as he did against the theatre and the ballroom. The father of the late Stephen Crane was Rev. Dr. Crane, a Methodist preacher and presiding elder. Dr. Crane wrote a little book upon "Popular Amusements" and devoted an entire chapter to the evils and perils of novel reading. The antagonism of the church in the past to the use of novels was not without reason. The novels of the olden times, as those of Fielding, Smollett, and Richardson, were full of obscenity and profanity. Yet, in itself, there is no more harm in reading stories than in smelling roses. What are the parables of our Lord but beautiful stories? What are "Paradise Lost" and "Pilgrim's Progress" but works of the imagination? For what was this faculty

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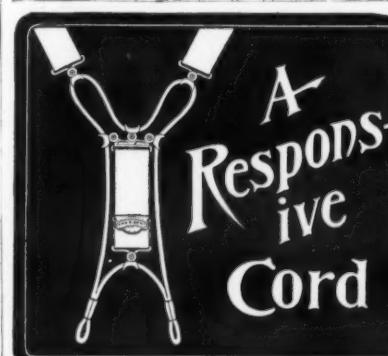
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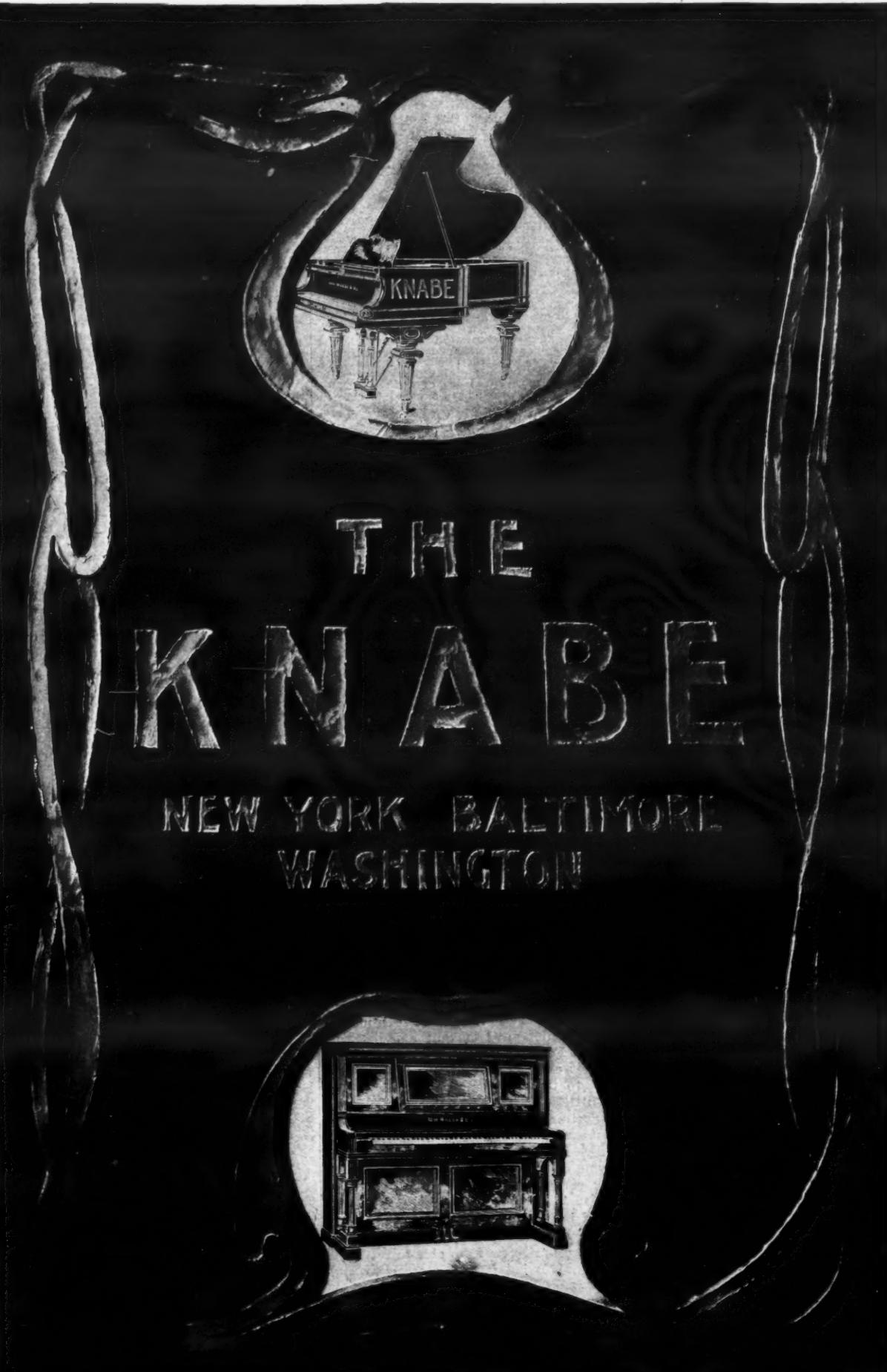
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